

CLUB

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CLUB

MUFF RIDER!

PACKED WITH GIRLS WHO
ALWAYS SAY 'MORE!'



THREE CHEERS
FOR TASTY
TINA!

SIXTEEN SUPER-BABES
SIT ON YOUR FACE!

VIRGIN
VALUE!
MORE NEW
HONEYES FOR
MUCH LESS
MONEY



Thought of the month:
"Why can't you get better
than a Kwik Fit Fitter, and
why do Do It All do it, for
God's sake?"
Ian, Hackney

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Just got back from the Club Writers' Convention — well, a pub lunch with the grubby little dossers who write all

the bits you probably can't be arsed reading. Bits like *Readers' Lives* by Adam Porter. Adam's a nice guy

really (though he does wear the worst pair of fake Armani jeans I've ever seen), but fuck! does he look ill, probably on account of smoking more spliff than Cheech and Chong and Keith Richards put together. I tell you, it's a

toss-up who's going to kick the bucket sooner, Adam or Roy Castle.

Then there's Jake Black, our very own Hunter S Thompson for the 90s, who's written the bit about nicking crime novels this month. The





thing about Jake is that he's from Glasgow, or Glasgeeeeee, as he puts it. What Jake doesn't know about life's lurid underbelly isn't worth knowing. But the thing is, you'd probably rather not know, really. He's a shop-lifting, hard drinking, chain-smoking wild man with a heart of gold. Unfortunately, no one can understand a fucking word he says. In fact he's the only

reason he never goes on holiday or even to work, just to the bar, then the toilet, then the bar again.

And so it was with this lot that I spent my sacred lunch hour(s). I thought I'd get the ball rolling by asking anyone if they had any new ideas for articles.

"What about something on smoking spliff?" proffered Adam.

"...Or an article about a

Bill sees life through the bottom of a pint glass...

person I know who gets more comprehensible the more he drinks.

Lastly, but not leastly, there's Bill who writes all the bits you laugh at. Bill sees life through the bottom of a pint glass, which is probably the best way really. Time spent out of the pub is time wasted for Bill. For this

night out with a bunch of devil worshippers?" threw in Jake, vomiting on the bar and then drawing on his sixty-fifth cigarette of the day.

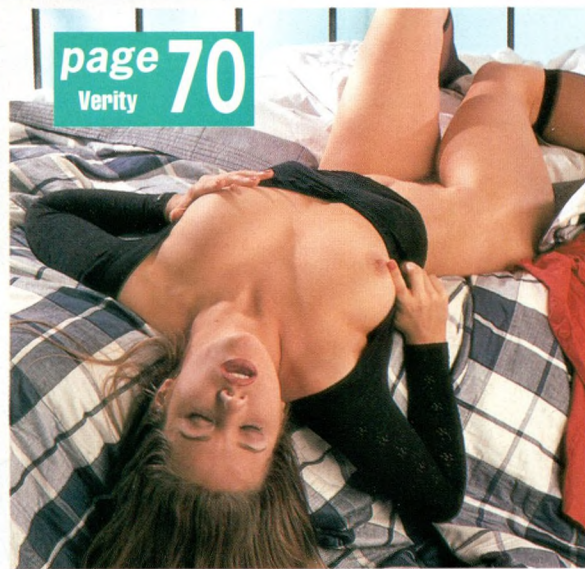
I really didn't think so. But there was still Bill to save us...

"I thought a lager-tasting column would be good. I've started researching it already... Hic!"

"Fuck!" I said. "Why can't we get real writers like Martin Amis, Clive James or Giles Brandreth to write for us?"

"Because they're shit and they don't buy you all your drinks," chorused the Club writers smugly.

Fair comment, I thought. So expect our next issue to be packed with bits on dope-smoking satanists on the piss. In the meantime enjoy the naughtiest collection of cuties you've ever seen over the next 100 scorching pages! - The Ed. ♣



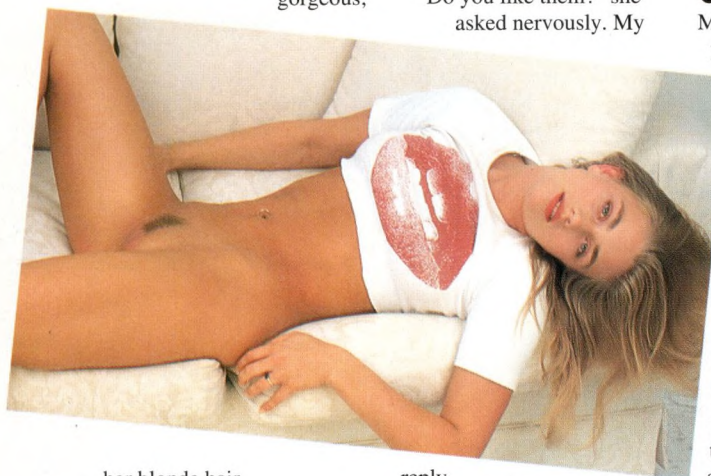
In the bag

BIRTHDAY TREAT

I don't know how many other Club readers share my liking for beautiful women with piercings, but after seeing the pictures of Jacqui in the latest issue of Club (Vol 23 No 8), I reckon there'll be a few more. She is simply gorgeous;

I could feel my cock hardening inside my trousers as Katrina's hands started to unclip her bra. "You're not going to believe your eyes," she told me, then peeled off her bra to reveal that she had pierced her nipples. I almost came on the spot!

"Do you like them?" she asked nervously. My



her blonde hair, pert tits and smoothly shaven pussy sent me into overdrive, but what made her even more special was the ring through her belly-button. It also rekindled great memories for me and my girlfriend, Katrina.

We've been seeing each other for a couple of years now and I celebrated my 25th birthday last month. Katrina had promised me that she'd give me something special to remember the occasion by – she certainly did that!

When I came in from work that night, Katrina led me by the hand up to the bedroom. "Sit down on the bed," she ordered excitedly, "and pay attention!"

I did as I was told, and Katrina started to do the most slow and sensual striptease I've ever seen. Peeling off her dress to reveal a sexy set of stockings and suspenders, Katrina started to rub her hands all over her body paying special attention to her tits; caressing her nipples to hard points.

reply was to start frantically licking and sucking on her dark nipples, before we fucked into the early hours! I think that answered her question!

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF

There's something incredibly erotic about piercings and it was joy to see Jacqui in Club with her pierced belly-button – I hope we'll be seeing plenty more of her in the near future! – Alex, Brighton

GETTING IT ON!

My name is Sasha, I'm 22 years old and I've been seeing my boyfriend, Ian, for a couple of years. We both read your magazine and the naughty stories in Club inspired us to spice our sex life up a bit. I must admit, I've always fancied the idea of sleeping with other guys, but I never thought that Ian would be the one to actually suggest it! After reading a particularly horny letter on the subject, Ian gave me his full blessing to pick up another

MY FAVOURITE THING

"Where is Chris Quentin now?" asks Paul from London. Sadly, the ex-Coronation Street star hasn't been spotted on our television screens for quite a while, but Paul still has his treasured Brian Tilsley sugar spoon to remember the oily garage mechanic by.



"It's my favourite thing," he told us shamelessly. "Along with my Elsie Tanner tablecloth..."

Sadly, our investigative team could not discover the whereabouts of Mr Tilsley, but your spoon gets star billing in our ace column, Paul. You're a hero, mate! ♠

man – as long as I relayed all the dirty details back to him. I pretended to be a little shocked, but inside I was feeling very turned on at the thought of having another man's cock sliding slowly in and out of my pussy!

I work for a large company maintaining and updating computer systems and I spend a lot of time working

in swanky offices. I socialise with the clients because of my job, and as I've got a sexy, curvaceous body, there's never any shortage of young executive types who want to fuck me. I make it known that I'm attached, but that just seems to be an added incentive for them to try and 'conquer' me.

I decided to make last

Friday my day of action when I was called in to an office in the City to sort out a problem with one of their machines. There's a young man there called Jonathon who always flirts madly with me and this time I called his bluff. All through the afternoon he was



He's had me sucking his cock for years! Now you're telling me I can't get pregnant with oral sex?!

ILL LEGAL ALIENS

What planet is **Fortean Times** on? Dogs that rise from the grave, human combustion and depenistration – we never knew there was so much in it...

Are you scared shitless by aliens? No, not the film with Sigourney Weaver, but real invaders from other planets. Well, fret no more. Club has got together with the brilliantly bizarre Fortean Times to give away five Alien Detection Kits and t-shirts to scare off extra-terrestrials.

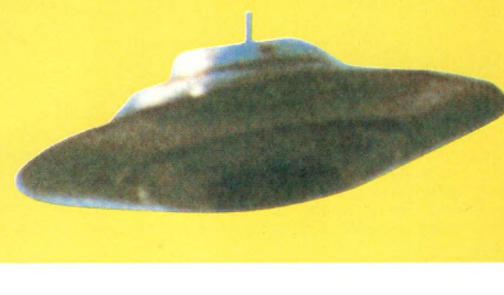
If you haven't read Fortean Times (The Journal Of Strange Phenomena), you've missed some of the best stories outside the Sunday Sport. There's

the chicken that still clucked in the oven (the steam from the stuffing operated the vocal chords in its neck); Brownie the terrier that went one better than Lassie, by being run over and buried but still com-



ing home – albeit covered in earth, and Bobbit-like stories of depenistration from around the globe. Then there's their healthy obsession with aliens...

Fortean Times are so convinced that prannets from other planets are walking the earth, they have come up with an Alien Detection Kit including a t-shirt that glows red in the presence of strange beings. We've



Photographs by Jack Harrison

marie

THERE'S NO TRUTH TO THE RUMOURS...

That Radio 1FM's Nicky Campbell was known as 'catfood Campbell' during his University days due to the fact he was duped into eating Whiskers cat food at a party... That Liz Hurley has insured her greatest assets – her boobs – for a cool £5million... That Naomi Campbell is to quit the catwalk for the pop charts... That following on from *The Flintstones* and *Beverly Hillsbillies*, the next Hollywood remake is of *Dixon Of Dock Green* with Hugh Grant in the lead role... That Danny Baker has admitted he's crap on tv (And so say all of us! – The Ed)... That Angus Deayton won't turn up at your dinner party and give a speech for less than £10,000. ♣

hanging around watching me and, as usual, he asked if I fancied going out for a drink that evening. His jaw almost hit the floor when I accepted. "I hope you're not the sort who only talks a good fuck," I whispered.

We went for a few drinks in a wine bar, then headed onto a club. As we danced I let my short skirt ride right up my thighs so that Jonathon could rest his hand on my naked bum. I don't think he expected me to be so brazen and he fumbled

continued on page 44

got five t-shirts to give away and to win one all you have to do is nominate a well-known television celebrity who you think is an alien and tell us why (in no more than thirty words). The five that make us giggle when we're pissed will win the shirts.

Dear Club,
I am desperate for a free t-shirt. I think

.....
(name celebrity here) is from another planet because.....
.....

.....
(no more than thirty immensely humorous words).

Send your entries to
UFO, 2 Archer Street,
London W1V 7HF. Na-nu,
na-nu! ♣





A pert bum in tight shorts is all most motorists ever see of Marie as she cycles down the Pershore Road in Birmingham every morning. But even that is enough to have drivers banging their horns in appreciation.

"Men offer to do the most wonderful things with me in the back of their BMWs at every set of traffic lights," says the 20-year-old student. "And with the adrenaline pumping through











my body, I'm so worked up
I'm quite tempted –
especially when one fella
said he'd soothe my
saddle soreness with his
tongue! That had me
squirming with excitement
all the way to work!"♣

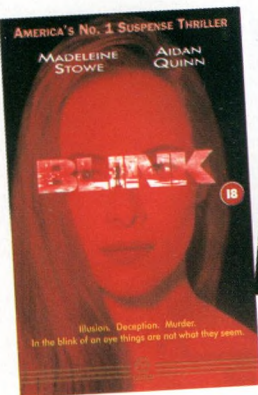


BLIND VISION

With a beer in his hand, a curry by his side and the remote at the ready, **Dean Isherwood** reviews the latest vids

Blink Guild Home Video Certificate: 18

Apparently this film was 'America's No 1 Suspense Thriller', which, translated, means that it's crap and has gone straight onto video here in the UK without a cinematic release. It was surprising then to find that *Blink* is pretty good.



Madeline Stowe stars as

Emma, a blind woman who regains her sight and witnesses the murder of her neighbour. There is just one problem, the surgery has left her with retroactive vision which means her mind only registers images a day later. So did she really see the face of the killer?

The story may be just a little far-fetched, but it's the quality of the script and the good acting that carries the film and makes it real edge-of-the-seat stuff. An eye opener.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

Female Vampire Redemption Video Certificate: 18

A brief mention for this film on the grounds that it comes from a new video label – Redemption – who are releasing 1970s vampire movies that seem to be of high-kitsch value these days.

This film tells the story of Countess Irina Romay who literally fellates – i.e. sucks off – her male lovers to death. She soon falls in love with one of her victims and

drowns herself in a bath of blood in order to rejoin her lover in the realm of death.

Of course, it's badly dubbed and features loads of blokes with bad moustaches and Kevin Keegan perms and is seen as high art rather than low-budget soft porn. Highly amusing.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓



The Assassin Warner Bros Video Certificate: 18

Bridget Fonda stars in *The Assassin* as



Maggie, a drug-addicted violent misfit who is condemned to death for a murder. However, whilst sitting on Death Row she's recruited by a secret government agency to work as an assassin.

Supposedly a remake of the French film, *Nikita*, *The Assassin* is nothing more than a cheap copy and adds absolutely nothing to the original. Ferchrissakes, the Director even uses exactly the same camera angles as the original and I suspect the film was designed primarily as a star vehicle for Fonda.

An English-spoken soundtrack has been added instead of subtitles, along with a Hollywood ending that sees our heroine walking into the sunset – allowing for *The Assassin 2*, no doubt. On the strength of this first one, that would be a big fucking mistake. Uninspired, unoriginal and, frankly, unbelievable.

Rating: ✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH Blindfold: Acts Of Obsession Polygram Video Certificate: 18

I've got to admit that I've always had a soft spot for Shannon Docherty (Brenda Walsh in *Beverly Hills 90210*). I've watched with glee her descent from a squeaky clean teen, each move she makes enraging the moral guardians who ensured she was sacked from the American soap. Well, fuck them, I say, if *Blindfold* is anything to go by!

In the film Shannon plays Madeline, married to Mike but trapped in a stale marriage. At his suggestion, she agrees to visit a therapist who advises Madeline to act



out her sexual fantasies with her husband. In fact, Madeline will do anything to please Mike. Lucky Mike.

Soon enough, the couple's seductive games begin to take over their lives. Blindfolds, handcuffs, kinky sex – everything bar the kitchen sink is thrown in at this point. Then, by a strange coincidence, a series of serial killings occur in which women are handcuffed, blindfolded and then killed. Even more bizarre, Madeline's sister – who just happens to be a detective – is assigned to the case. Of course, it doesn't take a genius to work out the film's conclusion, but I won't spoil the surprise ending for you.

A good thriller, and worth the money just see Shannon Docherty's knockers and a lot more besides...

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

HOLY MOSES!

Hold it, sister, don't mess with the Ninja nuns from East Harlem. Yes, this one's for real, folks!

Practising French nun, Sister Chantal, is in the habit of flying off the handle if men upset her. She has a vicious high kick and isn't afraid to use it!

That's because Sister Chantal has been studying martial arts since she



was 12 years old, and is an expert in Tae Kwon Do as well as having a black belt in judo (which is handy 'cos

HAIR TODAY, HAIR TOMORROW

Will somebody please tell this man that ponytails just aren't trendy any more!

Not that it would do any good. Nathan Westminster has a rare disease which has left him with a paranoid fear of barbers. The disease is called intelligence. Intelligence means that a 16-year-old shampooist only has to say, "You going away this year then?" or "What sort of music do you like?" and Nathan flies into a psychopathic rage.

Male barbers have the same effect. One simple, "Nice weather for ducks, mate!", "Pity about the Spurs on Saturday" or "Something for the weekend, eh, sir?" and he is likely to kill. A recent victim was his girlfriend who absent mindedly left a dirty postcard tucked in the side of his bedroom mirror. She is currently recovering nicely.

Other things likely to induce rage in barber-related intelligence sufferers are discussing racing form in a cockney accent, leaving 1972 copies of *Autocar* on the coffee table and telling dirty jokes very badly.



it matches the frock!).

Together with her fellow nuns, she takes on anyone who gives her grief in her New York soup kitchen. Just the sight of the sisters in their fighting stance has muggers and murderers on their knees praying for mercy. All together now – Sisters are doing it for themselves! ♣

BREAD AND BAWD

Using your loaf takes on a whole new meaning at La Olla Caliente restaurant in Madrid. Its upper-crust customers go there

because of their bizarre bread rolls and other astonishingly hilarious shaped side-orders.

If for you the height of humour is going into the bakers and asking the lady assistant if she has any bloomers, or giggling about Dorset Knobs (they're a type of roll), then this is the eatery for you. Here they serve bread pricks instead bread sticks and buns shaped like, well, buns. Sometimes the patron even insists you perform hilarious oral sex-related acts with his phallic food. Amusing, eh? With cheap sexist gags like that, ask for a baguette and they'll probably bring you a small, ugly woman. ♣

Poor Nat can never go to a barbers until he is cured of his intelligence. So far the only known cure is a total lobotomy. Failing that 20 pints of lager and night of TV game shows might do the job. Meanwhile, Nat can only wait (and buy a bloody good comb – The Ed)... ♣

insight

A NOVEL CRIME

Crime novels aren't just a good read – they're easy to pinch as well, says **Jake Black**. We follow Glasgow's answer to Ruth Rendell on a 'shopping' trip...

What do you do when you can't get laid? Start a fight, perhaps? Smash a window? Drink more beer than that big Canadian snooker player, Bill Webernick?

Smoke yourself into Bob Hope heaven? No, not me, mate. I go shoplifting. And I find nothing more pleasurable than scuttling (that's nicking to you Southern soft lads) crime novels – there's an almost perverse pleasure in pocketing the latest Eugene Izzie or Philip Marlowe. And it didn't take me long to graduate to the best tomes from Ellroy.

In fact, I'm getting quite good now.

So good, in fact, that I reckon I could scuttle paperbacks whilst wearing boxing gloves. Baggy jeans or tracksuits are better, it just depends on whether I've been to the laundry or not. If you plan on taking up the art, here's a handy tip: never go into a bookshop looking dirty. In their eyes, dirty means illiterate. You could look absolutely fucking filthy, know literature from Amis through to Montaigne, but the staff will spot you straight away, get security on your case and you're out the door.

Here's my plan: I walk into a bookshop, breeze confidently up to the counter and say, "Do you have a copy of Simpson's biography of James Moog?" It doesn't matter that the book doesn't actually exist, just as long as it sounds like it might. People who work in bookshops are smart-arsed fuckers who hate looking stupid, so they'll look it up on the shop's computer. "I'm sorry, sir," they whimper. "We don't seem to have that one on our files. Are you sure it's still in print?" To which I reply, "I'm not sure. Never mind, I'll just have a browse around anyway."

I'm always obvious about my intentions, whether it be to search out that elusive little nugget on the obscure writer I've worshipped for years, or whether I'm just after the latest Catherine Cookson for Auntie Maud's birthday. Then I start manoeuvring myself around the shop, clocking the books I want and then moving to the quietest section in the shop (usually Natural History or Social Economics). I usually lift no more than four books at a time; two down the front (Orthodox Scuttle) and two down the back (Back Scuttle).

I'm talking about paperbacks here, not those big Thames and Hudson efforts



Clockin' the Staff

full of David

Hockney or Andy Warhol. That's the good thing about crime novels: they only run to 250-300 pages. All good novels do. However, if it's anthologies I'm after then I make sure I'm wearing a denim

My female friends think that I'm incredibly well-read and intelligent

jacket – one with big interior pockets (the Inside Juke Scuttle).



Inside Juke Man

Something else to remember about shoplifting novels is that it's important where you do your bagging. Now I don't want to sound sanctimonious but, whenever possible, I nick books from a big-name

shop. I don't steal from small independent brokers who have a hard enough time keeping their heads (and horn-rimmed spectacles) above water.

Another good scam is to go into a small independent shop, find the book I've always been looking for and note the publisher's details. Then I call the big shop, order the book and when they phone to say it's arrived, tell them I've managed to pick up a secondhand copy. They usually put the book I ordered out on the racks and then I simply walk in and steal it. Hey presto!

Being terminally skint, I've found that stealing books is also a good way of getting spare cash. I just befriend a few students who are studying those really severe subjects like Mechanical Science or Particle Physics. The text

books for these courses cost a fucking fortune, so I follow the procedure as above then sell them to the students for half the price. I made £600 last term.

The main thing about the whole game is the buzz from getting out of the

shop, past the security and then pulling the book out of my trousers a few hundred yards

Back Scuttles



Orthodox Scuttle

down the road. It's the same feeling as when Baggio or Romario perform their magic inside the 18-yard box.

Of course, there's also the added benefit that my female friends think I'm incredibly well-read and intelligent when they see ream upon ream of books at my place. Let's face it, these days bookworms are sexy! So, shoplifters of the world unite — and start buying your trousers one size too big!

Club would just like to say that in no way would we ever advocate criminal activity of any sort, including befriend-ing students or wearing baggy trousers. – The Editor ♣

tina sex pape! hayes

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Hi guys! Thank you so much for all your letters asking for me to fulfil your filthy fantasies. What a naughty lot you are (especially you, Brian of Tonbridge – with a cucumber indeed!)

This month I've slipped back into the short skirt and tight top I used to wear when I was a cheerleader! That's right, I shook my pom-poms to egg on my local football team in Brighton. But jumping up and down and flashing my panties might have stiffened up the defence – but it put the forwards off completely! They hardly ever scored – except with us girls! Mind you, we were silly girls then... every time we got to 'Give us an F!', we'd all collapse into hysterical giggles.

I hope my performance raises your

spirits, and a good deal more! You're lucky you can't hear me chanting, my voice is awful. My last boyfriend said I had a mouth like a foghorn – it certainly blew a lot last winter!

I've got a lot of old uniforms from my past. Any others you'd like me to wear? I do enjoy dressing up and it turns me on as much as it does you, so please keep writing. I'm ready and waiting...

*tina
xx*

If you want TINA to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.













Dear Tina,

Congratulations on a stunning debut! I was completely taken aback when I saw your gorgeous pictures in the latest issue of Club (Vol 23 No 8). My wife and I have been avid fans of Lucy since she first appeared in Club and we thought she could never possibly be replaced. Needless to say we were wrong, you are without doubt the most gorgeous girl to have ever appeared in the magazine.

We both think your trim figure would look sensational in a tight black corset, your blonde hair tied up and your lips painted bright red.

Our fantasy would be to invite you over to our place for a meal. Naturally, oysters would be on the menu and soon enough they'd have the desired effect! We watch as you suddenly rise from your seat and then slowly peel off your dress, revealing your wonderfully pert breasts and a tiny g-string.

Cathy can't resist a moment longer and she starts to plant kisses all over your body, before pushing you back onto the table and spread-

ing your legs wide. My wife has never had a lesbian experience before, but she seems to know exactly what to do! Easing aside your g-string, her wet tongue gently probes your slit bringing instant results; you arch your back as an orgasm pulses through your entire body. I'm rooted to the spot, unable to believe what I'm actually seeing!

Of course, my chance to participate in the action comes soon enough – when the three of us head upstairs to the bedroom! What happens there, Tina? I'm sure you can use your imagination! – *Kieran and Cathy, Leicester*

Wow, that's the sort of letter I like to get! I've never had the pleasure of a lesbian encounter or a threesome before, but after reading your naughty fantasy I'm very tempted! Who knows? I make even take you up on your offer... Watch this space, folks!

Dear Tina,

As I sit here looking at your fantastic pictures, I can hardly believe my own eyes. That tumbling, blonde hair, those deliciously tempting breasts and a pussy that defies description – what an incredible

combination! You look absolutely sensational, Tina.

I've been a regular reader of Club for over five years, the magazine that I had originally thought had shown me the sexiest girls I could ever imagine – how wrong I was!

I've often had a fantasy about making love to a beautiful woman in opulent surroundings – and I think you're the girl for me, Tina. I can just imagine meeting you on a deserted tropical beach. The sun is hot, the water is lapping around my feet and – best of all – I have you by my side...

We make love on the sand with the water lapping against our naked bodies, reaching a climax within minutes. The hotel beckons, and we continue our lovemaking on a huge four-poster bed with the light streaming into the bedroom. Sounds nice, huh? How about it, Tina?! – *Carl, Windsor*

Your letter had my fingers straying down to pussy almost immediately, Carl! You've certainly got a vigorous, err, imagination – and a lot more besides, I hope! Keep those letters coming, lads, you're bringing more than just a smile to my face! – Tina ♣









FROZEN TO THE CORR...

Wanna bed Mike Reid? Eat pizza with Mickey Rourke? Or get Shampooed in bed? **James T Bone** shows you how

Anybody remember **The Icicle Works**? The band from Liverpool scored a Top 20 hit with *Love Is A Wonderful Colour* back in 1983, but disbanded after a less than illustrious career. The group may be no more, but their frontman recently teamed up with Neil Young's backing band Crazy Horse and released the album *Head Like A Rock* a few months ago to critical acclaim and a Mercury Award nomination.

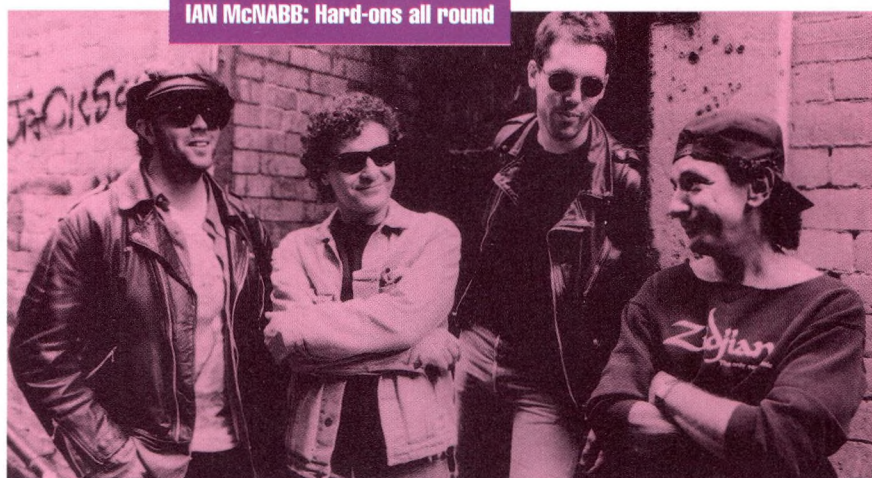
Now he's finally finding the success that eluded him with his band, but why exactly did The Icicle Works split up in the first place? Much championed by ex-Radio 1 disc jockey Mike Reid, it was later revealed by his ex-girlfriend – who sold her story of their life together to the tabloids – that our Mike could only get frisky between the sheets by listening to The Icicle Works! “I think that's what really finished us off,” says Ian McNabb. “I mean, who

wants to be known as the band that Mike Reid shags too?!” Blimey, let's just hope that Simon Mayo likes getting down to the Crash Test Dummies then...

● Bill Wyman is doing big business with his *Sticky Fingers*, Gary Glitter's *Leader Of The Snack* sadly closed within months and now US rappers **House Of Pain** have joined the elite legion of culinary musicians.

Their frontman Everlast has joined forces with Mickey Rourke and has opened a restaurant in Los Angeles called – wait for it – *House Of Pizza*. Rumours that Mickey's film career is so far down shit creek he can be found in the kitchens adding the extra toppings to pizzas and scrubbing dishes are believed to be completely untrue.

● Plumstead may not exactly be renowned as the centre of all that



IAN McNABB: Hard-ons all round

is glamorous and cool in music, but that may change with the arrival of **Shampoo**.

But the two south Londoners who make up the band, Carrie (19) and Jacqui (17) aren't taking themselves too seriously. “We're a pop band,” they say. “We don't really care about getting taken seriously. The fashion and glamour are just as important as the music.” Their debut single, *Trouble*, is out now and they have an album to follow in September. Do yourself a favour and check 'em out...

● **Prince** has recently settled a \$3million lawsuit brought by his former manager after he claimed the Purple One wrote a song called *Jughead* (from the *Diamonds and Pearls* LP) about him.

Claiming a misunderstanding

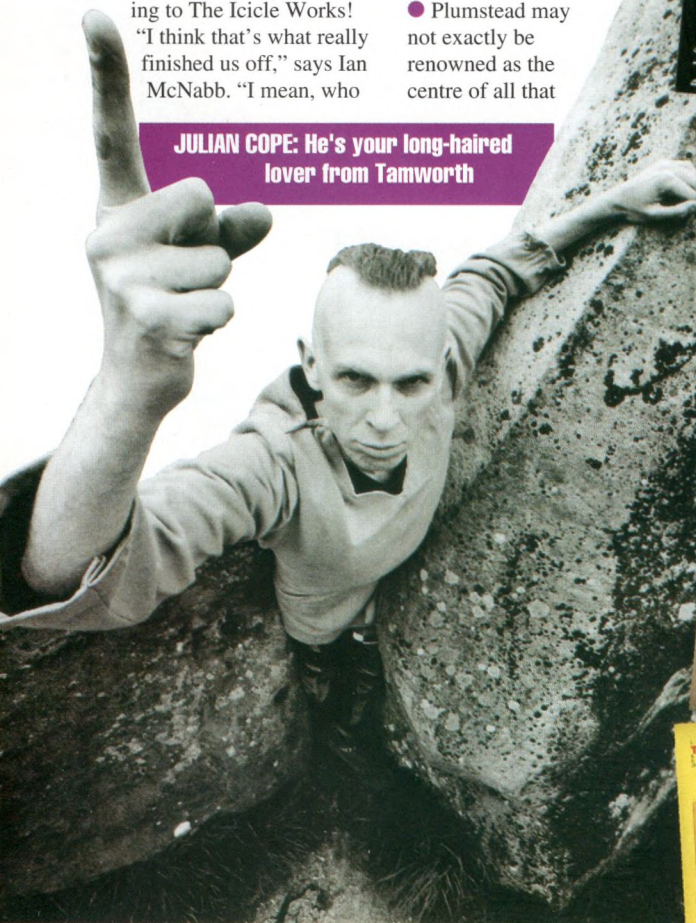
gorgeous, you big hairy hunk of talent!

● Rock musicians are notoriously fickle with their backstage requirements at concerts; **Aerosmith** once insisted on

SHAMPOO: Looking for Trouble?



JULIAN COPE: He's your long-haired lover from Tamworth



POSTCARDS: From the (cutting) edge



over the lyrics, Prince settled on the steps of the court for an undisclosed sum. Great, does that mean that Michael Bolton can now sue Radiohead for writing *Creep* about him? Only joking, Michael, you're bleedin'

plates of jelly beans (minus the black ones), and Dom Perignon champagne and finely cut Bolivian cocaine are seemingly a staple part of any self-respecting rocker's diet. Not for **Pink Floyd** though.

Nope, forget the naked go-go dancers or plates of fresh oysters, the ageing rockers have installed a mobile fucking tuck shop selling a delicious range of goodies, including Marmite, English cheddar cheese and corn-flakes. Phew, rock and roll!

● If our nation's rock stars are turning into clean-living, god-fearin' members of soci-

HOUSE OF PAIN: Pizza the action...



ety, we can depend on their roadies to liven things up surely. Not if you work for ex-Beatle **Paul McCartney**. The strict dietary requirements of veggies Paul and Linda have even stretched to their roadies. No sucking down steaming cheeseburgers for these guys. In fact, the roadies were warned that they would be sacked if they were found eating meat whilst on tour with Macca. Oh dear.

● **Julian Cope**'s new album, *Autogeddon*, ranks as one of his finest and has the central theme of how automated transport is, like, ruining the environment, man, and destroying Mother Nature. Funny then that His Copeness can be spotted burning through Avebury in Wiltshire where he lives in a gas-guzzling, four-wheel drive Subaru. Ho-hum.

● Finally, Scotland's coolest ever record label, **Postcard Records**, are issuing a glut of new material from the likes of **Edwyn Collins**, **The Nectarine No9** and **Paul Quinn**. Send off for a catalogue to Postcard Records, PO Box 546, Glasgow G12 8NY. See you next month. ♣



Photographs by Michael Moore

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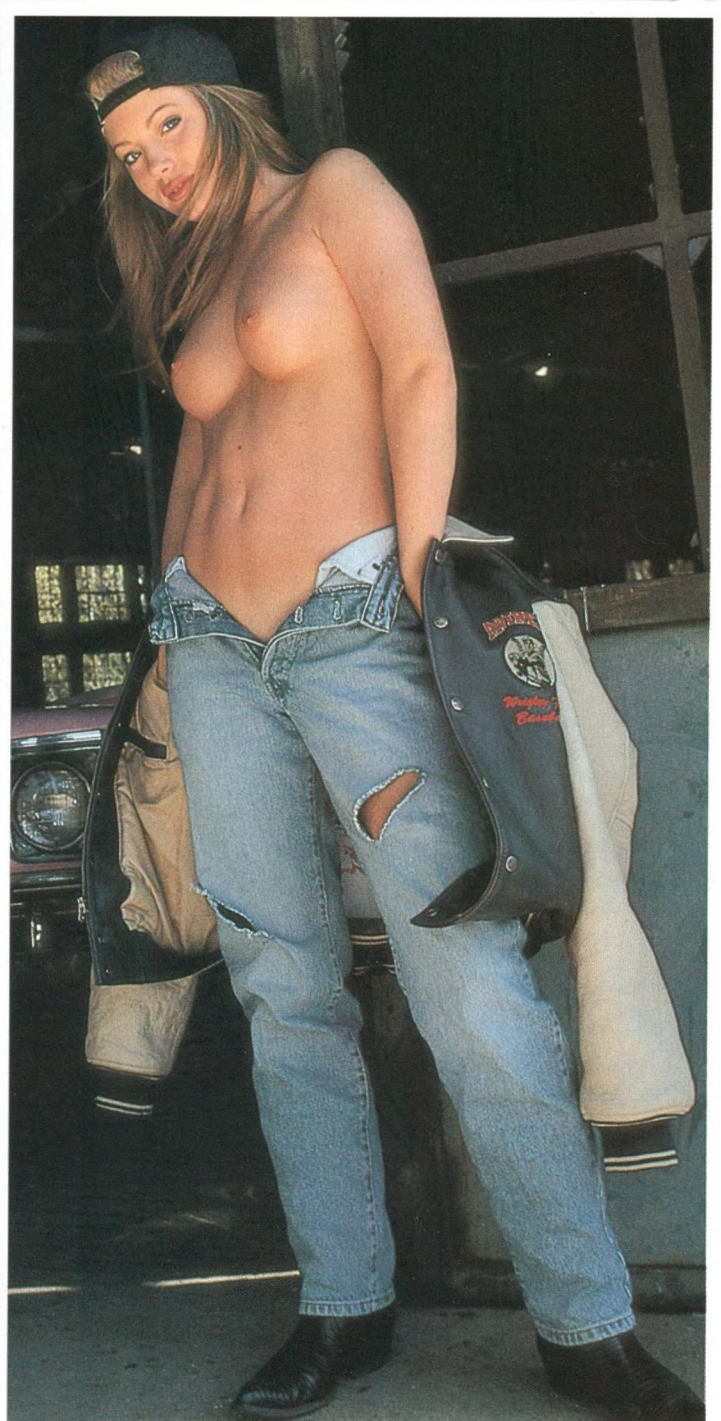
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Lovely bodywork, sumptuously upholstered and guaranteed to make other men green with envy – and the car ain't too bad either! Yes, high roller Melanie is back after her first appearance in the last issue of Club (Vol 23 No 9), but what's with the car, Melanie? "I've always fancied being chauffeured around by a





handsome hunk
in a fancy car,"
explains the 19-
year-old excit-
edly. "We'd take
a drive out into
the country,
then I'd get him
to pull over 'cos
I'm overheating!
I'd slowly strip
off and then
insist on
being fucked
vigorously on
the bonnet.
Anyone out
there reckon
they're up to
the job then?"
Well, let's just
say we know a
man who can,
Melanie, believe
us! ♣



WHAT THE FUCT!

The land of the free and the home of the depraved now brings you Fuct clothes. Fashion guru, **Stan-Bill Gaultier** checks out the coolest clobber from the USA

If you've seen anybody out at a club recently with the word 'Fuct' gloriously emblazoned in large letters across their chest, chances are that it isn't actually a description of their current alcohol-induced state, but a garment from the United

States.

The two men behind the Fuct clothing label are Erik and Slick, who first met in Las Vegas a few years ago. "I told Eric how much I liked his cowboy hat," says Slick.

"Then I told Slick how much I liked his mowhawk haircut," adds Eric.

The two gambled the night away and at around 4am they went to a shooting range, rented automatic pistols and stole them. It was a marriage made in heaven and Fuct was born.

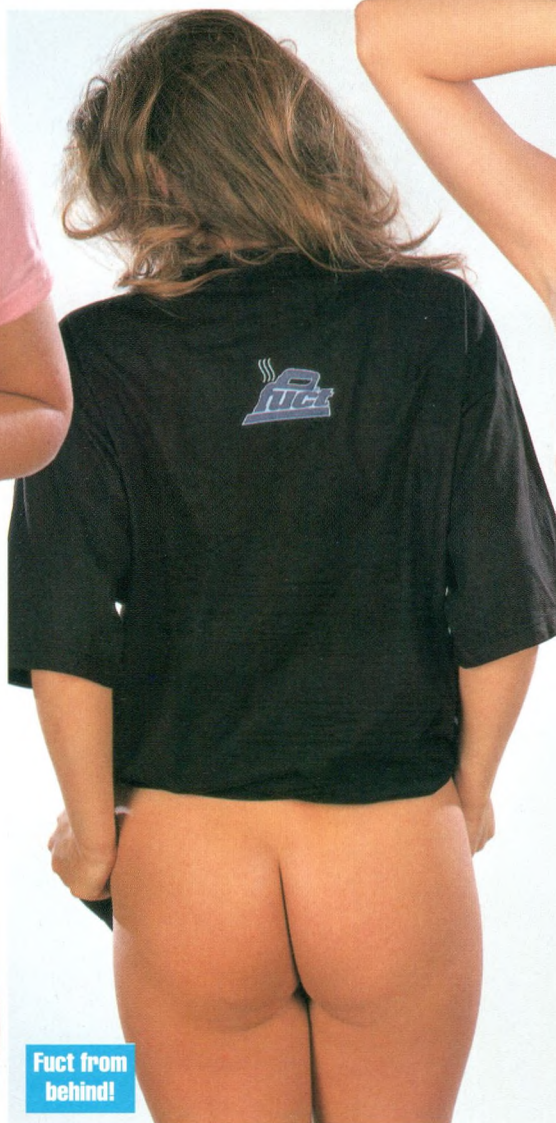
"We decided to call it Fuct because of the financial situation that Las Vegas put us in," Slick told Club. "But that soon changed thanks to our two stolen pistols!"

"Remember this," he adds. "Lies go a long way in this town and life's too short to tell the truth!"

Way to go, fellas. Way to go...

Fuct Clothes are available from Slam City Skates, 16 Neals Yard, Covent Garden, London WC2 9PD. Or, phone 071 240 0928. ♣

She's Fuct in this trendy T-shirt!



Fuct from behind!





Feelin' a bit
lippy?
Get Fuct in a
hot long-
sleeved top!



Head Fuct!
Scare
your
granny in
this ballsy
balacava

READERS' LIVES

Reliving those heady days of dope and glory, **Gavin Porter** tells us of his time as a Chelsea supporter in the early 80s

Travelling all the way to Manchester from London in a poxy fucking Pipkins Morris van with a top speed of 50mph would not be my ideal mode of transport these days. When it was the only way of getting about though, well, it was monster.

My pal T and I set off on a Friday morning one May. There was a live televised football match, Manchester City versus Chelsea, on that night at Maine Road. Televised it may have been but we, as ardent Chelsea supporters, had to go.

We had some beer, some dope, some Charlie, our youth and the spirit of an already successful Chelsea promotion season on our side.

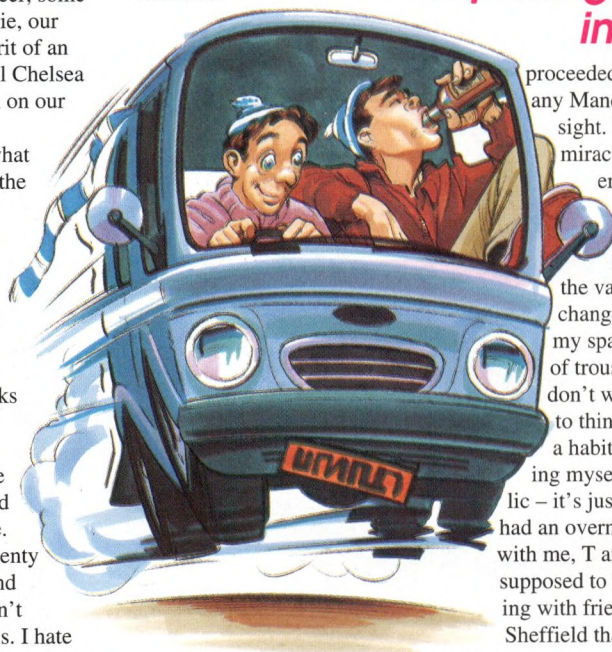
God knows what happened on the journey. To start with I was drinking and T was nose fluting. It was T's van, but he never drinks and drives. Wise man.

The first service station we reached was... somewhere. I've been there plenty of times before and since, but I couldn't tell you where it is. I hate service stations, they attract shit people with those stinky air-fresheners and crap-arsed driving gloves from Argos; their putrid sons and daughters overeating and overheating in the foyer like fat lumps of melting lard. To two lads from London these people were laughable yokel nothings. So we went on the rob...

T got something really useful like some Duracell batteries and a pair of sunglasses. Yawn. I, in my eternal wisdom, got four pairs of boxer shorts with teddies on them, a copy of a Philip K Dick novel, one copy of all the newspapers and, best of all, a family-sized pack of Minstrels, the chocolate sweeties. Yum yum. Minstrels, lager and a nose-up. Try it. For forty miles or

so it was super. Then I felt a bit sickly.

We slid off the motorway near City's ground in Moss Side. It was like a fucking battle-zone; whole blocks of flats were missing and rubble was everywhere. We drove down this little cobbled street, cobbled! It was a dead-end. I was pissed. We screeched the car round and suddenly, right in front of me, was a woman cooking a meal in the street on an open fire made of bits of old wood. Seriously. I leant out of the window, I was bemused.



"What the fuck is going on?" I shouted in my best Cockerne. I also commented loudly on how Chelsea would demolish the place even further. The woman looked at me like I was a stupid Southern boy who was lucky nobody pissed off enough to kill me had heard what I had said. She was right, of course.

We pulled over a couple of blocks away, near the ground. T said I shouldn't really have more dope as I would be sick. "Don't be stupid," I told him. Succulent sweet Mary Warner broke my lips. Mmmm. Yum yum. Ooooh dear. This time I felt my stomach contents fighting gravity and knew I had to move fast.

Simultaneously, I needed to piss. I was feeling a major quease-up coming on. "Don't piss all over the van," shouted T, looking worried. He needed to be. I pissed all over the side of the van because I badly needed something to lean on, but it was no good. The ganja hit on top and all that beer spun me like a spinning top. I fell backwards across the pavement still pissing. I remember an old man stepping over me as I pissed all over my white jeans. "Sorry," I said attempting to focus. "It's okay, son," he said kindly.

T dragged me back to the van. It was an hour to kick off and trouble was starting up already. Chelsea's fans were a mob rampant and

I didn't make a habit of pissing myself in public

proceeded to chase any Mancunian in sight. I made a miracle recovery. Leaping into the back of the van, I changed into my spare pair of trousers. I don't want you to think I make a habit of pissing myself in public – it's just that I had an overnight bag with me, T and I were supposed to be staying with friends in Sheffield that weekend. Honest.

At one point in the pre-match melée, myself and T found ourselves facing Chelsea's prime thug element as they manoeuvred round the ground. We knew one of the participants well, he fucking terrified us.

So did the idea of fighting; artful dodging yes, rucking no thanks – I'd rather be a wimp and hide. So we did, hoping he wouldn't ask us to join in the fighting. "If we're going to do it let's do it fucking properly," said the huge thugmeister as he walked past the hedge we'd hidden behind. That day it all went properly. It was like football should be and there hadn't even been a game yet. It was chaos, it was madness, it was freedom and I miss it like hell. ♣

Lucie

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Do you want to hear the good news or the bad news first? Well, the bad news is that Lucie has a boyfriend. But the good news is that she's about as faithful as Tanya off Coronation Street!

"I hope my fella's not reading this, but yes, I have been known to be a bit naughty when he's been away for the weekend," confessed 19-year-old Lucie from Nottingham. "I just can't seem to say no when it comes to bonking. Hell, I've even been to bed with another girl, but does that really count?"

Well, yes! But do tell us more, we said, trying not to drool on her new bedsheets.





"It was a girl called Helen who I met in the pub one Saturday night. She said she'd always wondered what it would be like having sex with another girl as she'd never tried it. And before you could say 'damp panties' she had me bending over the toilet seat in the Ladies loo, licking my pussy like a thirsty cat.

Mmmm, I loved every minute of it!

"Thing is though, I found out later that she's spun the same yarn to half my female friends, the little tart!" ♣







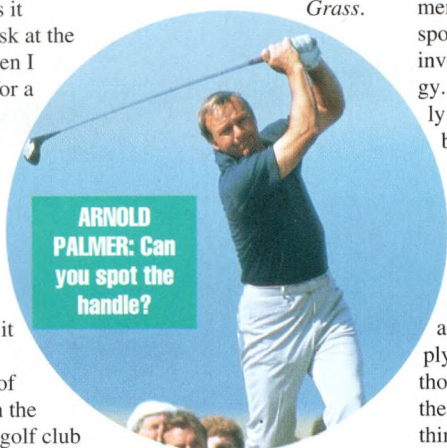


THE WRITE STUFF

Manager, TV pundit, writer and wig-maker. There's no end to the talents of Terry Venables reckons **Maurice Short**

Terry Venables must be the busiest man in football after Swindon Town's goalkeeper. Not content with managing England, arguing with Jimmy Hill and visiting the solicitors, he's also found time to pen a book, *Venables – The Autobiography*. 'Cor, what's it about then, Maurice?' you might ask. Sadly, I am unable to tell you as it flopped onto my desk at the precise moment when I was casting round for a suitable flat surface to use as the tee for a quick round of 'Arnold Palmer's Pro Shot Golf' (for those of you who have never seen this 1960s toy I should explain that it involves a 12-inch high plastic model of Arnold Palmer with the handle of a regular golf club protruding from his arse. By use of a pulley switch in the handle the player controls Arnie's swing to drive a miniature polystyrene golf ball up and down the sit-

coach, excellent manager, forward thinking, perceptive. Strangely though, it makes no mention of his spooky ability to see into the future. A strange omission indeed, considering Venables committed some of his most prescient observations to paper way back in 1971 in a futuristic football novel called *They Used To Play On Grass*.



ARNOLD PALMER: Can you spot the handle?

The Dagenham boy's eerily accurate predictions about the way football will look in the 80s pepper the pages of *They Used To Play On Grass*. My own favourite is this one: 'Scottish football has improved by leaps and bounds since that inspira-

tion-

al performance in the 1978 World Cup'. Move over Mystic Meg, Telepathic Tel is on the way.

The title of *They Used To Play On Grass* is a reminder that Venables was once an advocate of artificial pitches. During his time at Loftus Road, QPR installed an astroturf surface and Venables regularly

appeared on the box singing its praises. This was not the first time he had got excited about man-made coverings. As a young player in the 1960s Venables patented the 'Thingamy-Wig'. This super device was a cross between a hat and a wig that could be donned by housewives if they needed to go shopping while their hair was in curlers. Strangely the 'Thingamy-Wig' never took off – although the sight of Bulgarian keeper, Boris Mikhailov's bri-nylon thatch might have sent El Tel scurrying round to the patents office with a view to legal action.

● Venables' wig experiment wasn't the only time sportsmen have got involved with new technology. Cricketers are particularly fond of it. New Zealand batsman Glen Turner marketed a new bat covering that was said to increase hitting power. Sadly, the cricket authorities banned it, not as a result of any sinister radio-active properties, but simply because it was blue. In those days the men who ran the game didn't like anything brightly coloured getting on the pitch. How things have changed. Twenty years later they seem quite prepared to dress the players up as clowns and paint the field Day-Glo pink if they think it will attract sponsorship.

Aussie fast bowler Dennis Lillee met similar hostility when he unveiled his aluminium bat during a Test Match with England. Constructed from metal the bat gave a clank whenever the ball struck it. Eventually England skipper Mike Brearley objected that the noise was distracting the slips and giving Derek Randal a headache, and Lillee had to exchange it for a more conventional model.

Footballers too have had the odd brainwave. Craig 'Skippy' Johnson was sighted on TV with his new all-rubber boot. Though anyone whose Mum forced them to play in wellies to avoid getting their shoes wet in the damp grass will wonder how effective these can be. The shy retiring Antipodean is not the first soccer star to get

involved in such things. In the 70s Steve Perryman got behind a pair of boots with a swivel mounted set of studs that were supposed to pre-

improved dribbling skills, but good training for standing in a defensive wall.

● Despite the fact that it promises to offer insights into the professional game and the lives of many top players, *Venables – The Autobiography* is unlikely to tell us anything we didn't already know. Most football autobiographies are like that.

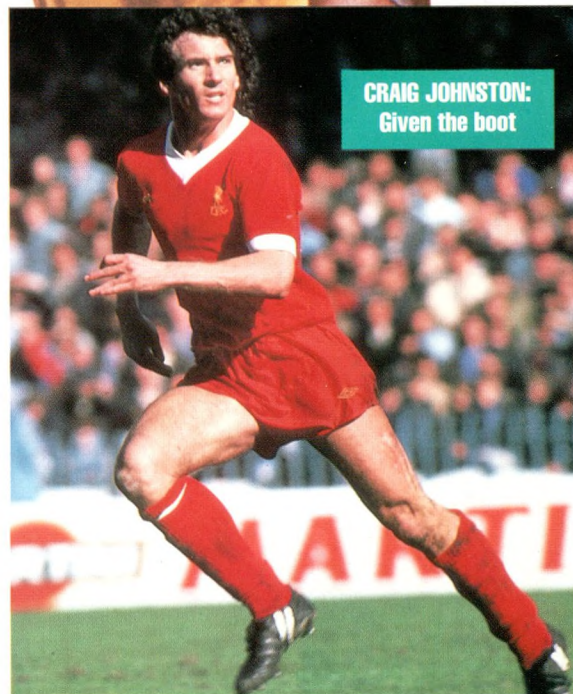
The last one that offered any kind of entertainment was *Clown Prince Of Soccer* by the 1950s Sunderland star, Len Shackleton. One chapter was particularly memorable, headed 'What The Average Football Club Director Knows About Football'... it was a blank page.

As well as Venables' *They Used To Play On Grass*, the 70s

PELE: Making a killing in the World Cup...



CRAIG JOHNSTON: Given the boot



vent ankle injuries. They also tended to send the wearer spinning round like Tonya Harding with a gyroscope up her arse. My own favourite piece of soccer technology, though, was Ossie Ardiles' personal trainer. This device, which was supposed to help you practise on your own, involved a football attached to a belt by a length of elastic. The result was that whenever you kicked the ball it swiftly rebounded back and struck you in the balls. Not much use for

spawned a number of football paperbacks written by players. Many are of a saucy nature including *The Ball Game* which begins: 'Miss America said she preferred to be on top of me. I wasn't arguing... I was content to lie back and let her do the work'. I won't embarrass the author by mentioning his name, but the book concerns the antics of a Cockney striker named Jackie Groves and proves beyond doubt that it's a funny old game.

Strangely Jimmy Greaves

TERRY VENABLES: The Vidal Sassoon of the footie world

ting room carpet. Sadly, my own Arnold Palmer has a screw missing. As a consequence every time he smashes the ball down the fairway his head flies off and follows the ball). So I haven't actually looked at *Venables – The Autobiography*. I have, however, studied the publicity blurb which gives us all the usual guff about El Tel: gifted



Photographs by Stefano Santori

eve

eff... Oh shit, I've let the cat out of the bag. As I was saying, Jimmy Greaves' efforts – he wrote four books in all – didn't dissuade publishers from turning out more soccer fiction. Gazza's agent Mel Stein got in on the act with *Danger Zone* ("... again she

JIMMY GREAVES: Or is it Jackie Groves?



felt the thrill that she had promised herself alone in bed"); Derek Dougan came up with *The Footballer* and Pele gave us *The World Cup Murder*. Set during a future World Cup this volume contains what is described as 'Pele's depiction of the poetry and mathematical precision of the game'. Read this extract and see if you can see what they're getting at: "To tackle a dribbler who was approaching your goal meant judging his course without getting caught

DENNIS LILLIE: Bat out of hell



off balance, getting the foot against the ball to wedge it against the dribbler's foot, and then, at precisely the right instant, to knock him off balance".

Poetic? Mathematical? On second thoughts maybe I'll use *The World Cup Murder* to tee off and give Terry's book a try after all. ♣





Those of you who weren't asleep – or gawping at that girl from the Sixth Form with the big tits – in your Religious Education classes will remember that Eve was the girl who proved irresistible to Adam. Well, whether or not your name's Adam, we think that 19-year-old Eve Peters is going to have the same







effect!
 Take a good
 look at those
 pert breasts,
 curvy bum
 and her deli-
 cious pussy,
 then tell us –
 without cross-
 ing your fin-
 gers – if you
 were Adam,
 would you
 have gone for
 the Garden of
 Eden or the
 body of Eve?
 Yeah, us
 too, lads! ♣



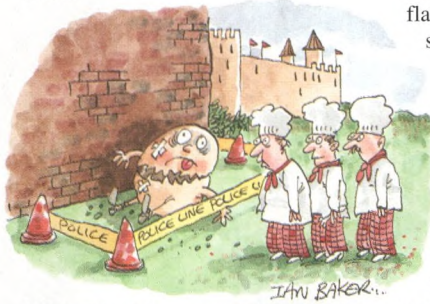


in the bag

continued from page 5

nervously. "Why don't we go somewhere a little bit quieter?" I asked, leading him by the hand towards the ladies' toilets.

Without even bothering to check



All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't make it. We're the King's cooks

that the coast was clear, I quickly dragged him inside one of the cubicles and practically ripped off his trousers and boxer shorts. "My boyfriend knows that I'm going to be sucking another man's cock tonight," I breathed as I licked up and

down his swollen shaft. His eyes were closed tightly as I ran my wet tongue around his bell-end and then started deep-throating him.

He gripped my hair and started thrusting his cock into my mouth, until I felt his hips jerk and his hot load poured down my throat. I continued sucking hard, making sure that I didn't miss a drop of his creamy spunk and then casually asked him to drive me home.

When we got to my flat I reclined my seat and spread my legs wide. "I want you to fuck me" I told him. He seemed nervous, but when I held open my cunt lips with my thumbs and then dipped a couple of fingers into my

wet hole, he went wild. He quickly pulled down his trousers and then moved over on top of me. I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and guided his cock inside me, then he started thrusting

continued on page 90

DEAR CATRIONA,

After I saw your pictures in Club, I knew I had to write and tell you how gorgeous you looked. I couldn't believe my eyes when I first saw your body; I felt my cock harden and my balls began to tingle, and my imagination started to get the better of me...

I'm driving along a country road and as I round a bend I see you sitting by the side of



the road, your bike beside you with a flat tyre. You flag me down and I'm only too eager to stop and help out.

You're dressed in a tee-shirt and skimpy shorts and I can't keep my eyes off you. I bend down to take a look at your wheel and when

I turn around I find you leaning back against the bonnet of my car, your shorts down around your ankles and your slim fingers eagerly pushing in and out of your wet slit.

You smile, then move towards me and kneel down in front of me, unzipping my flies and taking my cock into your mouth. You run your tongue along the underside of my shaft. I can feel myself coming, and you suck harder until I spill my load down your throat.

I've been reliving this scenario over and over again in my mind, how do you fancy making it come true for me?! - Dermot, Canterbury That sounds like my kind of ride, Dermot! But the best part would have to be when we get into your car and I spread myself over the back seat. You'd run your tongue up the insides of my thighs up to my pussy, then you'd keep licking me until I orgasmed. Then if you had energy left, we drive back to my place and carry on with what we had started! - Catriona ♣

Interview STAR SPOT

They rock, they roll, they rant, they rave... and they're from Wales! The Manic Street Preachers are here to save you says **Howard Johnson...**

They happily admit to getting handjobs in Bangkok clip joints, yet write lyrics which deal with New Libertarianism. They make pronouncements from the stage saying they hope REM's Michael Stipe goes the same way as Freddie Mercury, yet they play Anti Nazi League benefit gigs. They smash film cameramen around the head with guitars at their concerts, yet come across as reserved, polite and often painfully shy when you meet them in the flesh. They even featured famous porn actress Traci Lords laying down backing vocals on their single, *Little Baby Nothing* - yet that particular song rails against the objectification of women.

You've probably heard The

frustrated I am," he explains, neither raising his voice or shouting. "I'm too polite and I find that I can't express what I feel when I'm pissed off. I have all these frustrations and it's the only thing I can do that will make me feel better."

Fair enough, but does it hurt?

"Yeah, it hurts alright. But

I've got a very high pain threshold!"

Are you drunk when you do it?

"Not at all. When

capital's red-light district) doesn't exist - and I hate those traditional Western attitudes to the sex industry there. We went out of town to a television show and the conditions that people were living in were appalling. Most Westerners wouldn't last five minutes in a corrugated iron hut with no sanitation. If you go to Bangkok, the girls who work the bars have a flat. I know all about exploitation, but this is a matter of human choice."

And the blow-job...

"It was a hand-job, actually," corrects Richey. "Well, I'd never been with a prostitute before. I've never been in love and I've never had a girlfriend, so I wasn't being unfaithful to a memory. It was something I wanted to experience to see whether it would make me happy."

And did it?

"Not really. I couldn't

really expend any emotion on it. It just helped to pass a few hours. The saddest thing for me was that there were blokes at the bar who were saying to their

mates, "I can tell she really fancies me" whenever a girl started dancing near them. They were trying to justify what they were going to do."

Manic Street Preachers on your radio and pretty good they sound too. What you don't know is that guitarist Richey James freely admits that he doesn't play too well and is more a member of the band more for his looks and general mental behaviour. He is the man who took a Stanley knife to his forearm and carved the words '4 Real' into his flesh as proof for a sceptical NME journalist that his band's aims were true. It's not an isolated incident either. On the band's recent visit to Bangkok - they are huge in Thailand, for some reason - Richey again took a blade to his flesh and created some more body art. Why?

"The problem is that I never raise my voice and never shout, no matter how



I'm very easily turned on... but I didn't get a stiffy once!

I did it in Bangkok all I'd drunk was a couple of vodkas and a beer. I drink to forget things, so when I'm drunk I'm not depressed about anything. Alcohol is sedation, pain isn't."

Despite the fact that vocalist James Dean Bradfield has been christened a 'New Lad' for his ferocious dedication to drinking, it was actually Richey who dabbled with those ladies of the night in Thailand. "There's no point in going to Bangkok and pretending that Patpong (the

James takes a different view to his experiences of the nightlife. "It was a very voyeuristic thing," he claims. "What surprised me most was that I didn't get a stiffy once. I'm very easily turned on and I really thought that I would. I mean, *The Graduate* still does it for me!"

Still, it's not all exotic locations for the wild Welshmen, though. The band have just finished recording a new album, *The Holy Bible*, in a small studio

Photographs by Jack Harrison

judy

in Wales. "We didn't want any of that pampering crap when we made this record," claims Richey. "We could have gone for a big name producer and swanned around the Bahamas, but that's not what we're about. We recorded the album in a small studio – it was like the days before we had a record deal."

James agrees. "The last album was just bland," he says bluntly of *Gold Against The Soul*. "We lost the power to speak in tongues on that record and it became just another British Rock Album. This time we've got that edge to it and it makes a world of difference. I don't even know if it will be a commercial success or not, but I'm really glad we've made a record that's got this much to it."

There's one song in particular, *PCP*, which regales against the politically correct. Containing the line: 'When I was young, PC meant police constable', it spits venom against the kind of people who would try and stop you from reading magazines like *Club*. "We don't really spend much time reading magazines like *Club*, so we don't really have much an opinion about them," says Richey. "A lot of people obviously read it though."

The Manic Street Preachers have no time for the rules of convention and that's what makes them so exciting. They make their own rules and fuck you if you don't get the picture. "I'm really against putting those Parental Guidance stickers on this album," insists Richey. "That just seems like the trendy thing to do to make people think you're outrageous. It's ridiculous. We'd rather say something like, 'Contains language that you use every day and shouldn't be surprised that we do too'. That would tell it like it is. We're not in the business of shocking people just for the sake of it. What you see is what you get and if people happen to be offended by that, then that's their problem!"

Which is exactly as it should be. If you thought that rock music had died on its arse, then it's about time to revise your opinion. Get some passion in your soul and get manic with the Preachers... ♣







"My last flatmate nicknamed me Pop Tart, 'cos in the morning I'm all hot and sticky inside!" coos Judy. And what exactly turns the 22-year-old into a cereal thriller?

"I have dirty dreams," she sighs wistfully. "Last night I dreamt Daniel Day-Lewis was sucking my nipples whilst flicking my clit with his finger before shagging me senseless!"

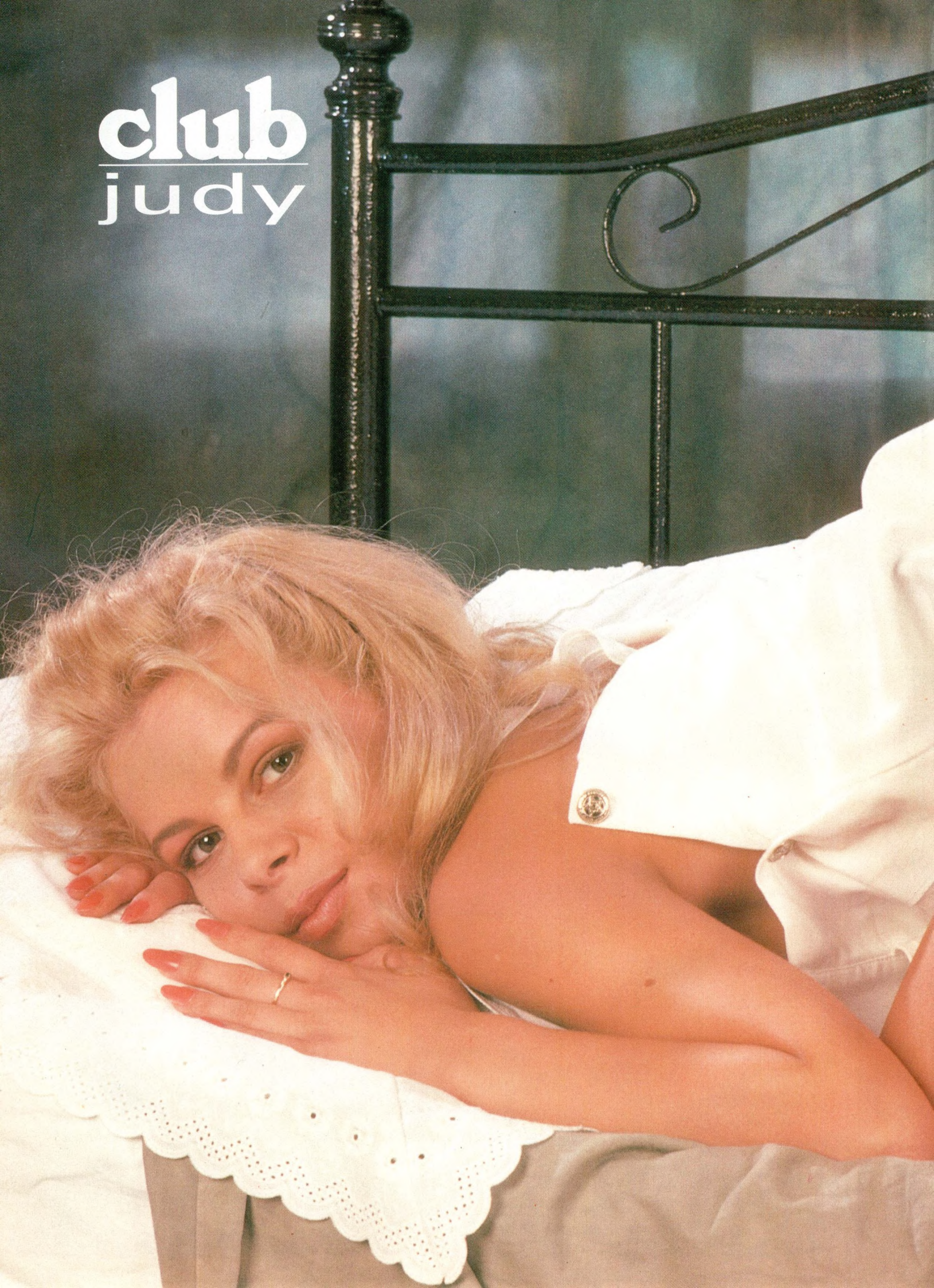
But don't worry, guys, you don't have to be a celebrity to star in





Judy's bedtime stories. "A few nights ago, I sucked off my post-man who I dreamt has the longest cock I've ever seen, then I made him shag me until I was screaming the house down. I was just about to lick his cock clean when the alarm went off!" ♣

club
judy







Margi Clarke, high priestess of lady lads



The women of our dreams. Our long, over-elaborate, slightly squidgy dreams. Who are they? Do they always have to wear Beefeater costumes (they do in ours)? And more importantly what type of women are we after? You don't know? Well let us tell you — women like us, that's who!

Gone are the days when boys would frown at women who drank pints down their local. Nowadays us enlightened chaps are keen to get to grips with women who know which end of a pool cue is best for rucking and which is best for potting. What most men want these days is a woman who will tolerate their more feeble drunken moments whilst also appreciating the reasons why they have just been so pathetic. No longer do men want some fawning bimbo who waits at home ironing their underwear. Now us boys want women who can stand up for themselves, women who are strong, women who are formidable, women who are ... er... well, more like men. But not men exactly because we...

her fair share of fellas too, and last year posed nip to nip with a pal in a swimming pool for Interview magazine. Barrymore comes from a long line of actors, she's tough as old boots, more experienced at everything than 99% of us and fortunately for her, is in no way related to Michael.

★ Salt 'n' Pepa are perhaps the fucksofdest group of girlies in the pop world. They kicked off with a single entitled *I'm Gonna Steal Your Man* which summed up their bolshy no-nonsense view right from the start. Svelte they are not but they curve in all the right places and have a wicked sense of humour. They are famous for their outspoken sexual gambits, with songs concentrating on boys' arses and talking about sex. Personally speaking, we'd love to talk sex to either of them as long as they were sitting on our face and beating us with a rolled up copy of Angler's Week. But that's our problem.

★ Then there's Kate Moss. She



Bjork on the piss with a pal



ONE OF THE

Not all girls sit at home waiting for us to fall through the door at some ungodly hour. In fact some girls are better at being boys than we are...



er... well, you know what we mean. Take a look at the girls here and you'll get our drift.

★ Bianca from Eastenders doesn't take much crap from boys, her parents, the police or anyone else on Albert Square. She likes to go out clubbing, get pissed, get into trouble and, best of all, she likes to slap around that poxy brother of hers. She has one of those gritty voices that makes us go weak at the knees and strong at the nob but unlike Mariella Frostrup she doesn't look like she's

been through it all twice and found herself a good make-up artist. Bianca is one of the boys and we love her for it, especially those freckles. Just chuck Ricky will you, he's a dimwit.

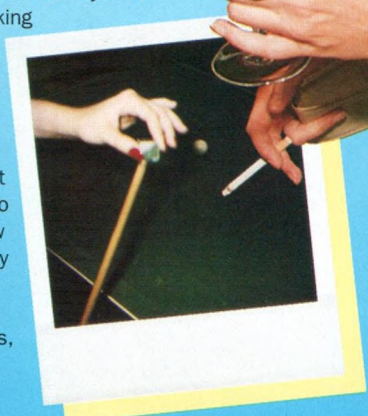
★ Drew Barrymore has been through it all and then some. She was snorting cocaine and puffing weed before she made it into teen-dom. She's had

knows how to have a good time and, unlike men, still look great. She's the sort of girl you can just imagine coming over to you in a nightclub, pushing your girlfriend out of the way, grabbing you by the balls and saying "If you don't come to the bogs and shag me right now I'll deck you!" Yeah, in your fucking dreams.

★ There's little doubt that Bananarama are one of the boys in a very girlie kind of way. In their hey-day in the 80s they were often photographed, drinks in hand, giving other revellers the hard eye and boozing blokes, like the legendary Pete Dinklage, under the table. They've even been known to be a bit tasty with their fists, but mainly aimed at boyfriends. Indeed in the old days their fella-frolicking antics were tabloid friendly to such an extent that they had to have a few kids simply to get the hacks off their backs,



Liz Hurley hits the hard stuff



as it were. All in all they are class girlie-lads, or 'Glads', blagging their way to the top time and time again.

★ Bjork is another Glad who turns our heads everytime she comes on Top Of The Pops. Her cutesome freckly nordic nature and her general weird shit-ness make us go all floppy in the right places. The one great Icelander of the century may be into Salvador Dali, eighteenth century philosophy and have a penchant for wearing Clare Rayner's cast off tents, but she loves a stiff pint of Stella and a rave up. Bjork has a kid too, so there is little doubt that she comes equipped with that 'don't bullshit me. I've changed nappies full of pooh' attitude. Which, if you don't think about it too hard, is really sexy. Just like Bjork, really.

★ Violet Berlin from ITV's computer games programme Bad Influence is another young lady who knows how to be a lad. With her blonde Tank Girl hair and wicked grin, she's formidable opposition for any spotty young boy attempting to take her on at shooting-'em-up on the computer screen. No, our lovely lad Violet is looking for a real

there's Kazza the Club secretary. A real lad, Kaz handles a cold pint of Tennents Super the same way she handles a hot cock. She gets it down her neck in about three seconds flat! And when it comes to taking no shit from people, she makes Bianca look like Bambi. She won't make coffee, type letters or answer invoices unless you ask nicely. This woman has attitude! And whilst there are plenty of girls around who'll photocopy anything without any grief, Kazza's the only one you can imagine spending a night in the pub with. You might even get a quick snog at closing time — but only if you ask nicely!

★ Get Kaz and Tina, our regular sex babe, together down the boozier and after a few lagers they sound like a couple of truckers. Swilling back bottles by the neck, their jobs mean they have dirtier stories and filthier jokes than any lad. They flirt with fellas, grope their arses and make obscene comments just like a couple of brickies on a building sight. And we fancy them like mad

Kate Moss hits the bottle



E LADS!

man, so that probably rules us out.

★ Everyone loves Sandra Bernhard. But the more you love her, the more you get the feeling that she would love to despise and loathe you. Great! Also there is a fair chance that she wouldn't love you anyway as her sexual preferences seem armed more towards those of the cuter sex rather than us boys. Of course with a mouth as big as hers and a propensity for knocking back cans of Bud like yesterday was the last day of the world, she could ignore us anytime. As long as we were tied up in her bathroom with an orange in our gob.

★ Bet Lynch? Well she is one of the boys but... er... perhaps not in this lifetime. Same goes for Margi Clarke, the high priestess of lady lads.

★ Sarah Stockbridge is a borderline case. In her modelling days for Viv Westwood she came across all flaunt and angry, ready to take on the world and do all sorts of things to unsuspecting men. Indeed, when you see her in the flesh she not only outstrips you in height but also in an effective right hook, being a self defence fanatic. However what all these women really need as well as double fuckness is a consummate brain and there are doubts about the wild and wirey catwalk killer, especially judging by her attempts at TV talkies. Bet she'd be a brilliant one-night-stand, if only to find out what her real hair colour is...

★ Closer to home, well ours anyway,

— why? Cos, like all the girls we've mentioned, they're confident in their sexuality. For them sex, boozing, fighting and flirting is not something to giggle about like gormless teenagers — it's fucking good fun! ♣

Sarah 'Tank Girl' Stockbridge is quick on the draw





Photographs by

justine

Denys DeFrancesco

When we last met French-born Justine in the Spring (Vol 23 No 3), she was complaining about a lack of men in her life. Mais mon dieu, what a hot summer she's had since! "I have to admit that I've gone a bit over the top," admits the naughty 19-year-old. "I spent it in









my parent's place at Ile de Re,
fucking men from Calais to Cannes!

"And every man was different
too. Some loved licking and sucking
my breasts for hours, whilst oth-
ers dived down and lapped up the
juice of my pussy like it was cham-
pagne," she says, licking her lips
excitedly. "Now I'm all set for a
quiet Autumn – unless you English
guys can teach me something
new!"

Sounds like a challenge, eh,
lads?! ♣





talkin'

blue



This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...



WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

BONKING BOOK

I'm currently writing a book entitled 'Sex And The Single Girl'. It's just an idea I came up with one morning when I was lying in a bubbly bath, letting my hand work at the bud of my clit like you do. I decided that I was sick and tired of all those clichéd novels about sex and shopping set in some big city in America. I wanted to read about the kind of sex that really happened to a young single girl right here in England. The very thought of putting my true-life experiences down

an amazing encounter!

I met Ian in a wine bar where a friend of mine, Patricia, was working. He was the manager and was a good few years older than me, very friendly, very experienced and above all had a package that made him, according to Trish, 'a well dirty shag'! Well, I soon found out when, after a night's work I was hanging around as the staff started to close the bar down. Ian kindly offered to give me a lift back to my house and we soon found ourselves alone in the bar. It was late, about

two in the morning, and I'd had a few glasses of wine by then and was feeling very horny. I'd read enough magazines to know all about sex, but I just hadn't found a guy I really wanted enough up until that point. However, I certainly wanted Ian.

He hadn't made a move on me when I finally just threw my arms around him and slid my tongue down his throat. I think he was a little shocked, but not as surprised as when I pushed him away, leant back against the bar, hitched my skirt up to reveal stockings and panties and ordered him to turn the lights out.

In the half-light cast by the street lamp outside, I pulled my knickers to one side and

The taste of a woman's pussy drives me wild

on paper got me horny and I soon rubbed myself into quite a frenzy, the bath water splashing out over the sides of the tub until I finally came with a scream. So as you can see, from the minute I dreamt up my scheme, I have been taking notes on my true life experiences – and the research has been a lot of fun, let me tell you!

I've decided to break the book down into sections, each of which deals with certain areas of my sexuality. Just so that you know, I'm 23, just under six feet tall, my boobs are 34C and I have long blonde hair. I guess I have what you could call a pretty impressive figure and I have had no trouble enjoying sex with all kinds of people, in all manner of places. I think this gives me a lot of experience and I'm writing under headings such as 'Losing My Virginity', 'Lesbian Encounters', 'Outdoor Games', 'Dressed To Thrill', that kind of thing. Just so that you get a flavour of my work, let me tell you about losing my cherry!

You may be surprised but I was what you might call a late developer. Although my tits had always been pretty noticeable and guys were always trying to cop a feel (quite often I'd let them if I liked them!), it wasn't until I was 18 that I actually lost my virginity! But boy was it





ordered Ian to fuck me. Although I had nothing to compare notes with at the time, his cock certainly looked like a monster to me, but my love hole was so damp and moist that he slid into me with no effort at all! It was one of the sexiest moments of my life, being fucked against the bar with the chance that a total stranger might catch us at any moment and I loved the feeling of excitement! If this was what sex was all about, then I was going to have a lot more of it!

The section on my lesbian experiences is going to be pretty in-depth. I love horny

men, but making love with a beautiful woman is an amazing experience. My flat-mate Elaine and I both love men, but that never stops us from enjoying a romp whenever we feel like it. It seems that a

I pulled my knickers to one side and he fucked me

lot of the men we go out with love it when they know we are lovers and beg to watch us together. If we really like the guy then we will put on a show for him. We've got quite a routine worked out now, involving the usual stockings and suspenders plus high heels and

a few extra accessories of the strap-on kind. I like to be 'taken' by Elaine and she is more than happy to oblige. I love to be down on all fours, my back arched and my nipples sticking out so much that they almost touch the floor, my arse in the air with my pussy begging to be satisfied! Then there is also the taste of another woman's pussy, that tangy sensation that just drives me wild. I sit tonguing Elaine out for hours on end and when there is some lucky fella watching there is no way he can restrain himself and he ends up masturbating until he comes with a massive jolt – satisfaction guaranteed!

There are so many great sexual thrills to be had and if my book ever gets published, then I'm sure that there will be loads of people wanting to read about my experiences. I have to say that Club is always a good source of research for me.

Whenever I read of anything I haven't tried, I make sure that I find a man or woman to practice with. I've been fucked in lifts, backs of cars and even in an empty carriage of a train thanks to Club. Maybe if my book

becomes a best seller, I should share some of the royalties with you. I'll let you know! – *Susie, Brighton*

ICE AND SLEAZY!

I doubt that many of your readers will have had the same experience as the one I'm about to tell you about, but whenever I think of skating, I immediately get aroused as I recall the numerous sexual encounters I had when I had just turned 18. The local sports centre and rink was the place where all the lads would hang out, chat up girls and end up with them around the back of the hall. It was there that I got to grips with my first cock, treating a 19-year-old fella called Sean to a long lingering blow-job until he spurted his load all down my chin and over my boobs. I spent many nights there learning how to handle a cock and, after a few months, I was pretty experienced and eager to get to grips with anything that moved!

Now I'm 23 years old and much wiser, but when I



found out that my new boyfriend, Adam, is the assistant manager at the same place, I decided to relive some of those adventures. The minute he told me, I could hardly believe it and I started thinking how great it would be to have the first fuck with him inside the rink. Of course, Adam knew nothing of my past attachment to the place and that made it all the more exciting.

I arranged to go out to dinner with Adam one night last week after he had finished work and I told him I'd meet him at the rink. I arrived there at around ten o'clock – when I knew he'd have sent his staff home and we'd have the place to ourselves. I was wearing a tight, black micro-dress and no knickers, because I was pretty sure that we wouldn't end up going for dinner. After all, as far as I was concerned, the only thing on the menu that night was my pussy.

After I pressed the buzzer on reception, Adam let me into his office and then started to put on his coat. "Ready for dinner then, Ellen?"

"Do you mind if we take a quick look at the rink first?" I asked. "I used to come here years ago and it's got some memories for me." I didn't elaborate on the cocks that I'd eagerly sucked and fucked, but that's what I was

thinking about!

We went out into the arena and I was surprised at how much it had changed. Instead of being brightly lit, there were only a few spotlights on and that made the atmosphere pretty sexy. I wasn't





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sure how to broach the subject with Adam, so I just came straight out with it. "Adam, I want you to fuck me right here," I panted, leaning over the crash barrier so that my dress rode up to reveal a neatly-trimmed bush, my pussy lips glistening with juices in the dim light of the hall. Adam was completely taken aback, but was more than happy to oblige. He dropped onto his knees, pushed up my skirt and began kissing his way up the insides of my thighs.

His hot breath on my damp pussy felt incredibly arousing and when he eased open my pussy lips and began pushing his tongue deep inside me, I felt my knees buckle as an orgasm pulsed through me. "You're going to have to slow down," I gasped. "You've made me come already!" I pushed his face deeper into my groin and his tongue snaked inside me, bringing me gently to the brink of another orgasm.

I pulled his head from between my legs and began to tug at his jeans. His face registered a look of surprise and excitement, but that was nothing compared to the look on my face when I saw his cock – it was enormous! It must have been nine inches long and as thick as my wrist, but I was determined to take in every inch of it. I leant back against the barrier and opened my legs wide.

Holding his cock round its shaft, he crouched down and then thrust upwards in one swift movement. I gripped his shoulders as he started pumping hard, twisting his hips to fill me with every delicious inch of his cock. The feeling was amazing!

As I threw my head around wildly, I couldn't believe my eyes as I saw another guy standing behind Adam watching us, a huge grin spread across his face. "Oh, Christ," I whispered, pulling away from Adam and attempting to cover myself up. "We've got company." Adam pulled his trousers back on, turned around and then began laughing.

"It's my brother, Liam," he roared. "You're not embarrassed, are you?"

What could I say? "Who, me? Of course I'm not," I told him.

"In that case," said Adam. "What would you say to another man? Go on – I'd bet you'd like to shag him!"

I was utterly amazed at how brazen these two were, but Liam was just as good-looking as Adam and I was very turned on at the thought of fucking two brothers. I giggled and moved through the gap in the barriers out onto the ice.

"If you can catch me," I drawled sliding my way onto the ice, "then I'll let you

said, stopping Liam in his tracks and turning over so that I was on all fours.

"Let's see if you're as good as your brother," I purred, "I want you to fuck me from behind really hard." I couldn't believe I was behaving so wantonly, but I just couldn't help myself! By now Adam had his cock in his hand furiously wank-

He eased open my pussy lips and pushed his wet tongue deep inside me



shag me." Liam was onto me like a shot and the two of us ran around until he managed to catch up and we both fell to the floor. I yelled loudly as I felt the ice against my bum, but that was soon forgotten as Liam eased my legs apart and then thrust his cock inside me right there on the ice. Adam cheered as he watched from the side. I was amazed, but I liked the idea of putting on a show for Adam. "Hold on a second," I

ing as his eyes struggled to take in the sight of me getting royally shagged by his brother. As I watched him come a second later, Liam bucked his hips and shot a thick wad of spunk deep inside me.

I ended up having both lads in Adam's office and now our threesomes have become a regular event. I'm certainly not complaining, because I'm getting double the pleasure! – *Ellen, Oxford*



ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

HELLO SAILOR!

My name is Anita, I'm 19 years old and I live in a small village about eight miles from Portsmouth. Sadly, there isn't much action around when it comes to men (unless you like older men, and I'm talking about 80-year-olds here!), so my friend Annabel and I always head into Portsmouth on a Friday night and we

local bar that we frequent (mainly because it's a favourite sailors' bar). The place was already heaving when we got in there, but we found a corner nearest to the sexiest guys and got talking to them. We never have much trouble striking up conversation, because both of us are pretty good-looking. We're both 19 years old, with roughly the same curvy figures. The only difference

a snog and a grope with Ned outside the loos.

When we were asked if we fancied going on anywhere we weren't slow to take up the offer. We knew of one of the major hotel bars where a girlfriend of ours was on the bar and decided to pay her a visit. By the time we were on the way Annabel and Ned were already deeply engrossed and at one point when I turned around Ned actually had one of his hands slipped under her short skirt and was rubbing her pussy

My pussy lips were glistening as they waited for some hot cock

as casually as a bloke who's had about nine pints can do!

Once we'd arrived at the hotel we marched into the bar and saw Judy serving another customer. Naturally, we ordered a couple of rounds and began drinking again. James was getting pretty horny by now and was making dirty conversation, which I have to admit I was enjoying. Still, I'm far more interested in action than words and I turned to James.



"Look, why don't we stop talking about sex and just get on and do it."

With that I stood up and walked out of the bar and went straight to the ladies' toilet, making sure that

James had got up to follow.

The loos were gorgeous, more like a boudoir than a toilet and as it was pretty late there was no-one in there. I decided to take a chance and by the time James walked in I was already bent over the wash-basin with my skirt hitched up and my knickers pulled to one side to reveal a neatly trimmed pussy (I have a lot of fun keeping it in shape, let me tell you!). James couldn't believe his eyes, but didn't need asking twice, undoing his zip and releasing a mammoth cock that slipped inside me with the ease of one of his ship's torpedoes being fired! The similarity was made all the more obvious by the speed with which he unleashed his weaponry, his spunk spurting deep down inside me after less than half a dozen strokes. Not that I was complaining, I was hotter than hell and came the minute I felt that spunk inside me – and I hadn't even taken my clothes off!

As we stood slouched over the basins trying to get our breath back, Judy, our friend from the bar, walked in and realised in a second what had been going on. Judy, who was always game, let loose an excited giggle.

"Well, I hope there are some



inevitably end up staying there. Sometimes we stay in a hotel, but it's always better when we score with sailors and end being jolly well rogered by a sexy fella in navy blue on board ship! We've developed something of a fetish when it comes to sailors and we can't get enough of them!

Last Friday's escapades were so horny that I just had to write to you about them. Annabel and I got into town at about 7.30 and went to a

between us is that I'm dark and Annabel is a natural blonde. Within a couple of seconds we were chatting away with four guys who serve on the ship that had just come into port. I have to say that Ned, James, Alan and Sam were really horny, good-looking and very fit. They were also pretty generous and by the time the evening was drawing to a close we had downed more than a few vodka and tonics and Annabel had already had



stiff, staff benefits on offer here," she said, jamming an ashtray against the door.

Judy pulled her work dress over her head and revealed stockings, suspenders and bra framing a perfect body. I was horny as hell at the sight of her and urged her to get her knickers off so that James could give her a good

and James, who was watching, both amazed and impressed!

Well, as you can imagine once we returned to the bar there was a lot of cheering and jeering, the boys getting very excited at the prospect of what we had done. Judy, who had tidied herself up, gave a knowing smile and

ence rooms and I'll be shot if the duty manager finds us, so keep your traps shut."

By the time everybody had filtered into the conference room there was a real sense of anticipation about what would happen next. The room was really grand, with bronze busts and antique furnishings everywhere. It really looked like a boudoir on a far grander scale to the loos! The place was perfect.

"Anita believes that since most of you have had a fucking good time tonight, we should end the evening on a high note." With that she pressed the play button on the CD player that was installed there and I moved to the front of the crowd. My

pussy was dripping with anticipation. I had never stripped in front of a crowd before, but the thought had always made me really excited. Now was my chance...

Moving in time with the music, I slowly gyrated, rubbing my hands over my body, caressing my boobs and pussy. Everybody just stared, mindful of the words of warning, while I really got into it, draping a feather boa around my neck that Judy had brought in with her. I slipped my tight dress to the ground and revealed my red basque, stockings and suspenders to a few whistles and a lot of straining cocks!

I had never felt so sexy in my life, my inhibitions left at

the door, and the more I teased the crowd, the more aroused I got. I slipped my knickers over my stockings and kicked them to the floor, rubbing my hands up the bare cheeks of my bum. I took the boa and rubbed it between my legs and across my moist pussy, which made the guys cheer, despite the warnings about the noise, and as I could feel my nipples through the basque, rubbing against the material, I simply decided that I needed to be fucked and fucked good!

Sam was delighted to oblige. When I moved over to him and motioned that he should join me he was up like a flash. I got down on my knees and whipped his stiff, thick cock from his pants. Obviously the Navy instilled the good manners of standing to attention into all their recruits, because Sam's

I got down on my knees and whipped his stiff, thick cock from his pants



shafting! While James willingly obliged, I threw my clothes off and plunged two fingers deep into my slit to frig myself wildly at the sight of these two fucking in front of me!

James was having the time of his life, thrusting into Judy, who looked like she was enjoying herself too. She was a vocal girl and as James shot his wad for the second time, Judy let out a loud scream and I climaxed myself with all the excitement!

Still, that wasn't the end of it! I had Dutch courage like you wouldn't believe and simply got down on my knees and prodded my tongue deep between Judy's gorgeous pussy lips. I didn't know if she was bisexual like me, but I was damn sure I was going to find out. The way she let out a little whimper let me know that she was and I put on my best performance to impress both her

got back to work behind the bar, leaving Annabel and the others wondering just exactly what we had been up to for the past half hour, although I'm sure their imaginations were working overtime!

As you can imagine, by the time the bar was supposed to close officially it was three in the morning but we were still going strong. I'd had a lot of drinks by now and was just as randy as when I'd been indulging myself in the women's loos. I had a great idea and, smiling at Judy, went and whispered in her ear. She giggled at my suggestion and then finished closing the bar, before making an announcement to our randy crew.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: As the climax – and I do mean climax – of the evening approaches, I would like you all to follow me in complete silence. I'm going to open one of the confer-



cock was ram-rod stiff and ready for action! I took his dick right down my throat and gave the best head I could, which seemed to go down well enough with him. Spunk came spurting out within the first few thrusts and the delicious taste of his come filled my mouth. God, I loved it, but I also needed

orgasm. I came just at the moment when Sam unloaded his second wad and the mixed sensation of his spunk and my own come was simply unbelievable! I collapsed onto the floor beside my horny sailor and we both lay there panting while the crowd started yelling and screaming loudly, having

James and ended up spending the rest of the night with them, getting into the kind of positions that only Russian gymnasts normally manage!

As you can imagine I slept late the next morning and said goodbye to my navy men with another passionate fucking session.

Now that I've put all of

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

TWICE AS NICE!

This might sound like a bit of a cliché, like one of those stories you read in bad novels, but it honestly happened to me. And it was the dirtiest, horniest experience of my entire life!

I suppose I should tell you a little bit about myself. My name is Debbie, I'm 20 years old and I share a flat with my best friend, Sam. We're like two peas in a pod; we do everything together, including pulling blokes! And if there's a tasty looking bloke and we can't decide which of us is going to have him, then we don't have a fight over it – we'll both have him!

Sam and I have never gone short of men. She's 19 but she's built like a real woman, if you know what I mean. She's almost six feet tall, with waist-length blonde hair and a really full figure that curves in all the right places. If I had to say who she looked most like, it would probably be that model, Anna Nicole Smith – you know the one I mean. As for me, I'm a brunette and more petite than Sam, though my tits are pretty large. My hair's quite short and we dress totally differently, so as you can imagine, when we hit the town everyone notices us.

Sam and I have been sharing a flat for two years now, and we enjoy living together because we're both relaxed about our bodies, we often walk about or sit around naked, not caring that the other can see everything. And well, I have to confess that Sam and I have fooled around together a few times, playing with each other's pussies and fingering each other to orgasm. We'd never got to the stage of having full sex, but I had often wondered how her moist pussy would taste. I never thought we'd ever actually get it on to that extent – but as you might be able to guess, this is my reason for writing in to Club!

One hot day last summer we were sitting in our lounge watching TV and drinking something cool. Because it was so humid, we

had the French windows to the balcony wide open and we were just lolling around in our underwear. Well, it was about 90 degrees! Sam's long legs were stretched out as she lay propped up on some cushions on the floor, while I was sprawled on the sofa trying to cool my heated skin. Neither of us noticed the noises outside at first – until a guy's head appeared at the open windows and his eyes nearly popped out of



his head! We'd completely forgotten that the caretaker had told us our block of flats were having the windows cleaned that day!

I could hardly believe my eyes as this total hunk climbed up a couple more steps of his ladder and just stood there staring at us. I guess that the sight of two virtually naked, sexy girls had stopped him in his tracks. We were pretty shocked too: I'd always assumed that window cleaners were middle-aged men, like the ones who'd come round when I still lived at home, but this guy was a gorgeous specimen. We could only see him from the waist up, but his smooth, bare chest gleamed with enough sweat to have me licking my lips and his strong shoulders and boyish grin had Sam looking twice



hot dick inside me pronto. I knew that everyone was watching me fuck a total stranger in front of them, but that was all part of the appeal. I couldn't wait to be a total exhibitionist and let Sam enter me. I bent over by one of the busts and thrust my arse in the air, invited him to take me doggy-style. Sam's dick was ready to go again and he banged into me with obvious relish. He was working hard, thrusting in and out of me with such force that I saw stars. I almost passed out, but kept with it so that I would experience the full rush of my

I took his dick right down my throat and gave him great head

now forgotten all about the noise ban!

Judy told me that she would organise a room for anyone who wanted to stay the night and it seemed that by now the girls were ready for anything. I know that I went off with Sam and

that night's exploits down on paper, it seems so wild that you might almost think it never happened, but you can bet that the next time I go to town I'll end up getting into some sort of situation with those sexy sailor boys. I just can't resist them and, well, a horny young girl has to get her kicks when she can, don't you agree?! And you know as well as I do that our boys in the armed forces deserve every encouragement they can get. I'm just doing my patriotic duty and as you can tell, I'm a sucker for seamen!! – Anita, Portsmouth

at him. I was annoyed that the edge of the balcony was so high, so we couldn't see what he had to offer in the crotch department.

"Don't mind me, girls!" he said cheekily. "You just carry on with what you're doing and I'll give your windows a quick wash." And with that, he vaulted off his ladder onto our balcony and stood in full view, cleaning the open windows.

I sank down to my knees and pushed my fingers deep into my hot slit

The view of his crotch had me getting wet between the legs immediately. He was only wearing the briefest of cut-down jeans, and they were clinging so tight to his well-packed groin that I was surprised he'd ever managed to climb a ladder in them! And as for that tight little bum: it was the sort of thing I'd only ever dreamt of encountering.

Sam said the same thing as me afterwards: it was as if everything went into slow motion as we watched every

sinew and muscle moving in time with his wiping strokes. There was no way a bloke like that was going to parade himself around half-naked on our balcony and get away with it. It would be a miracle if he escaped alive...

It was ridiculously easy for us to persuade him that he needed to come in and have a cool drink after all that hot work, and five minutes later Paul was sitting on our sofa

while Sam and I watched his every movement. It was me who took the initiative in the end. "You still look very hot," I told him. "Why don't I get a nice cool sponge from the bathroom and give you a good rub-down?"

I don't know whether it was my imagination or not, but I'd swear that I could see his crotch throb! My mouth watered as I walked to the bathroom and I knew that Paul would have had an excellent view of my nearly naked body as I did so. Just

thinking of the hard-on that I was giving him made me want to sink down to my knees and push my fingers into my hot slit, but my mind was on that cock. I wanted to get back into the lounge and make sure Sam wasn't getting her claws too far into Paul without me there.

The cool sponge dripping in my hand, I walked back into the lounge, conscious of my wet cunt inside my little knickers – and of course, my suspicions were confirmed. Sam was already crouched between his knees, his shorts thrown to the floor as she took his hugely engorged cock into her mouth.

Now, this wasn't the first time I'd witnessed Sam giving a guy head – and very good she is at it too – but well, to say I was jealous was an understatement. I don't know whether it was the effects of the hot weather or my hormones running riot or what, but before I knew what I was doing, I'd flown at her and we were scrapping on the carpet.

I was calling her all kinds of bitchy names and we had our nails out and hair flailing. Well, as you can imagine, it wasn't long before my knickers were hanging by a thread and Sam's were somewhere around her ankles along with her bra. We were really going at it hammer and tongs and it was only when we paused for breath that I looked up at Paul – to find he was standing there having what was obviously a delicious wank at the sight of us!

His right hand was moving up and down his shaft, the purple head of it protruding so far that I was surprised it didn't pop out or explode. And those balls: they looked so tight and full of come...

We both found out how much a few seconds later, as Paul unleashed a torrent of spunk over the two of us, really milking his prick for everything it had. The spools of come landed everywhere: on my boobs, stomach, thighs, and Sam didn't escape the fountain either. If anything, she was covered with more than I was. As Paul sank back onto the sofa to recover, his cock limp but still looking impressive, she started licking off what had landed on her chin.

"I'll do that," I said – and before she could stop me, I'd leaned over and was licking

Paul's come from her face.

I couldn't stop there, of course. That was just the starting point – my tongue was soon grazing over Sam's luscious body, scooping up the sticky white globs and swallowing them down. They tasted deliciously salty. Occasionally I worked my mouth back to hers and we indulged in some heavy French kissing, but I was just itching to have my nose buried in her pussy!

Paul wanted that too. He started urging me to lick Sam out, which I did with relish, her wet pussy lips opening up under my tongue. I lashed her clit, making her juice up even more under Paul's avid gaze, and Sam was soon thrashing about and gripping my head, making sure I didn't move from that spot until she'd reached orgasm. She did that in spectacular style, yelling out so loudly that she was



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**Shot entirely by Camcorder-wielding British Amateurs
-for You to See Absolutely Everything!**

British Teenagers - £19.95

This video features only girls aged 16 and over. Girls aged under 18 appear with written parental consent. If you enjoy young beauties, I can certainly recommend you to this highly desirable video. You'll only see teenage girls. There is really something about teenage girls, isn't there? Their skin is so fresh, their eyes so clear and their bosoms, well, their bosoms come in all shapes and sizes. Some of these girls have small pert tits, a few are still under-developed, others have healthy looking firm boobs and some have huge, full bosoms.



This video is chock-a-block full of British teenagers, from all four nations. We have blondes, brunettes and a red-head. Some pose alone, stripping and playing with themselves. Others pose shyly with men. Others dress in school uniform and show themselves to you, then they strip, then their lovers take them and we watch these exquisite British teenagers being shagged. It's high charged erotic viewing.

If you love young girls in their first flush of love and lust, this is essential viewing. The girls are all wonderful and the good news is we have three more volumes of this series to be released in the next twelve months or so.

British Teenagers are the sexiest bunch of teenagers around. Some are shy, others are almost (they admit) addicted to sex. What they are prepared to do is astonishing. To look at them you'd think that butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, but it is close.

This video has something for everybody who is a fan of British teenage girls. Strip scenes and sex scenes,



innocent looking girls, teeny girls who look so downright sexy and dirty that you won't believe it. This video is highly recommended to everyone.

The teenage girls who appear on it are not models. They are normal teenage girls, the type you see on the train, on the check-out till (one works on the till at a nationwide supermarket chain - check her out - she works at the branch in Lincoln). They're office juniors, they're sales assistants in clothes shops, they're the youth of Britain. They're sexy and you'll go wild for them. Yes, they are so vibrant, so sexy, so pure, they are almost worth dying for.

British Couples - £19.95

Since it was first released in the autumn of 1992, this has been our number one best selling video.

Why? The reason is simple. It is chock-a-block full of different British couples enjoying their nookie quota.

Few things are free in this debt-ridden

Great Britain of the 1990s. One thing is still good though - f**king!

Sex is free. Sex is good. Sex is natural and good sex is a delight to watch - as I'm 100% sure you'll agree.

This sampler video features loads of British couples getting their kicks for free, by screwing for your viewing entertainment. What type of girls or women do you fancy? It doesn't really matter, because on this video there's something for everyone.

This video has older women, it has sexy teenage girls, it has women in their teens, twenties, thirties, forties,



fifties and sixties. It has straight sex, it has kinky sex. It has group scenes, lezbo scenes, school uniforms, nurses uniforms, directorio knickers, knee socks, stockings, super sexy lingerie, vibrators, dildoes, tennis rackets, rude food and fetish acts - a little bit of everything and a lot of hornyness. White girls, black girls, even an indian girl and a chinese lady.

This is quite often the first video that people buy from us. Then they complain! They say 'there wasn't enough of Sarah and Robert' or 'Tut, haven't you got any more of Betty, Brian and Doug?' Well... yes of course we have - we've more of everything.

So, if your idea of good viewing is a roller-coaster ride through many of our British couples then you need this desire. Don't just dream about watching a load of British sex addicts doing it. Watch them in confidential close-up action. Draw the curtains, put the video tape into the machine, press the play button and then ... Who says Fantasyland doesn't truly exist. These are genuine 'normal' British couples, the types you see at the local shopping mall or in the queue at the cinema or playing with their kids in the park on a Sunday morning. Only in this video, you see them as nature intended: enjoying each other. It is the most eye opening hour of sex you might ever see. It has it all and it's 100% British and 100% full of amateur sex participants (teenagers to grannies).

Older Women Volume 1 - £19.95

This is the first of our Older Women video series. If you get this one and enjoy it (which you will, I promise) then your luck is in. There are three more volumes available for you to feast your eyes upon.

Volume 1 is considered a collector's item by many of our clients. It is simply amazing. It is stunningly erotic.

If you like older women, that is.

This video features only women aged 48 years and over.

There are ladies in their forties, ladies in their fifties and even ladies in their sixties. They come in all shapes and sizes, some are fat, some are thin.

Some have enormous ripe bosoms, others are skinny and as flat as a witch's tit.

From all around Britain (literally, Erica

aged 55 sent her tape in from the Orkney Isles), we bring you the horniest grannies in Britain. All strip for you, all display their old fashioned underwear (some men find directorio very sexy, you know).

There are support corsets, girdles and cross-your-heart bras and old fashioned stockings.

This video shows older woman after older woman.

Each one does her 'turn', to turn you on. It's an older woman sex-fans paradise, a Nirvana filled with mature sexy women all of whom want one thing and one thing only - to turn you on.

They each have different methods to achieve this. Some stare provocatively straight at the camera, knowing their sexuality. Others are demure, shyly looking away. Others just want to mother you, still others merely want

to turn you on. They want to know that you're going to pull your trousers down because of the effect they have on you.

Enough talk. Now the action. Get this video and enjoy. I've decided that if you like older women, words cannot describe the thrills you're headed for, so I won't go on any longer.



close-up as these teenage lesbians perform with each other. It has to be seen to be believed.

Young British Lesbians - £19.95

We weren't even sure if teenage lesbians existed, but they do. Wow, do they ever!!! One of the girls told me that Queen Victoria did not believe in lesbians. She couldn't comprehend what two girls could do to each other; that's why homosexuality is illegal to under 21s, but not lesbianism.

Well... after the shock of this video, if Queen Victoria was still around, we could certainly fill her in on what lesbianism is all about.

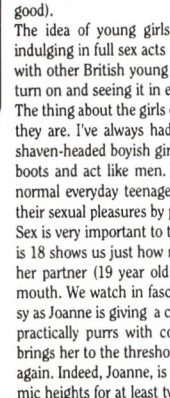
The girls on this video are all aged 18 or nineteen. They are either 100% lesbian or they swing both ways. They are the horniest bunch of teenage girls around. I've watched this video about fifty times in the last few weeks (yes, it is that good).

The idea of young girls indulging in full sex acts with other British young 18 or 19 year olds is a real turn on and seeing it in exact detail is a real kick.

The thing about the girls on this video is how normal they are. I've always had the idea that lesbians are shaven-headed boyish girls who wear Doctor Marten boots and act like men. Not these girls - these are normal everyday teenage girls, except that they get their sexual pleasures by performing with other girls.

Sex is very important to teenage lesbians. Mary, who is 18 shows us just how much pleasure she can give her partner (19 year old Joanne) just by using her mouth. We watch in fascinated, baited-breath ecstasy as Joanne is giving a complete going over. Joanne practically purrs with contented bliss as her lover brings her to the threshold of pure delight again and again. Indeed, Joanne, is in a state of practical orgasmic heights for at least twelve minutes.

There're many lesbian (or bi-sexual) teenagers are on this video, all are British. They come from all around the country. Grantham, Cardiff, Fort William etc. These girls don't look like lesbians, but they are, as you'll see in graphic detail. Fresh faced & fruity. I don't know about you but that really does turn me on. Get this video and watch it in ultimate



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coming that the whole street must have heard her.

That just turned Paul on even more (have you ever met a guy who didn't love to see a woman come from the touch of another woman's tongue?). His cock was soon hard again, his big balls filling with spunk. But this time, I was determined that I should get a taste of what Sam had already had. But I wanted that shaft inside my cunt, not in my mouth. I wanted to feel him stretching my cunt walls to their limit.

I knelt down on the floor

and thrust my bum back onto it over and over. All Paul had to do was kneel there and feed me that cock, as I was doing all the work. What a feeling, to be getting fucked like that from behind, and in front to have Sam's luscious boobs to feast on. No wonder I felt that climax throughout my whole body, tingling all over as another wave of it built up.

I surprised myself by coming again almost right away – which doesn't normally happen to me. All the time I could feel Sam's boobs nuz-

and relished his orgasm. He didn't stop thrusting till he'd made me come yet again, and this time I could hardly breathe, it was so powerful.

I knew Sam wasn't going to let things lie, though – she

I felt him shudder and then shoot his load inside me

wanted to feel that cock inside her too. She almost pushed me out of the way as she got down onto her knees on the carpet and did exactly as I'd done – held her cunt lips wide, pointed her bum in the air and told him to "Fuck my pussy"!

I had a bird's eye view as Paul wanked his sticky shaft

until it was hard enough again to slide into my flat-mate's oozing cunt. With every upward thrust, her juices squeezed out of it, and underneath I could see her fingers quickly working at

her clitty as she raced to come. I replaced her fingers with mine, which sent her over the edge in seconds, combined with Paul's strong, rhythmic thrusts. And when he was about to shoot another load, he pulled his shaft out of Sam's cunt until just the very tip was inside her and I watched as

he held the wet, pink lips apart and his spools of white spunk drove up into her.

It was so hot that the smell of come juice hung in the room for days after we waved Paul off – he had to get back to his round or he'd have lost a lot of money! But that hasn't stopped him from calling round a few times since then – and he always makes a dramatic entrance by climbing his ladder and knocking on the windows!

And while Sam and I are both getting as much sex from him as we are now, there are no complaints! It's just a good job we're three floors up, so no one can see in! – *Debbie, Rochdale* ♣



and held my pussy lips apart, my fingers sliding over their slickness. I was trembling, I was so turned on and when Sam knelt in front of me and started to rub her tits against my face, I reached up with my tongue and lapped at one of them. At the same time, I felt the relief of Paul's cock nudging at my pussy.

He teased me with it, circling it round the entrance to my cunt and rubbing it over my velvety lips before shoving it inside me in one thrust. It was so deep, all I could do

zling against me. I snaked my tongue and licked at her, hearing her moan with pleasure as she offered them to me and watched Paul fuck me at the same time. God, that cock felt good.

This time Paul didn't have to spunk over my body, because my cunt walls gripped his length hard until I felt him shudder and shoot his load inside me. I thought the boiling spray would never stop coming, Paul's hands holding my hips firmly as his threw his head back





Photographs by Geoff Howes

verity





Insatiable student Verity from Bath is back, her sex-drive stronger than ever. "I promised that this term I'd do more work, but I've only been back a week and I'm feeling horny already!" sighs the 20-year-old.

"I don't want a boyfriend – just sex," says Verity excitedly. "Some guys can't cope with that. They want love and loyalty. All I want is sex on stream from as many



different men
as possible!
It may not be
politically
correct, but
my libido
doesn't care
about being
right on. I
just know
that I need a
lot of cock.
Come on,
guys, there's
a girl burst-
ing here!" ♣





mmichelle





Back again after her last appearance in Club (Vol 23 No 7) is Michelle, the multi-lingual languages student who just can't say no in three different languages!

"Cheeky!" giggles the 19-year-old from Cambridge. "Actually since I made my debut in Club, I've found that there's no





need for words – actions definitely speak louder!

“Now whenever I see a fella I fancy, I’ll just whip out a copy of the magazine, show him the photographs and then wink. That says it all really!”

We bet it does,
Michelle! ♣







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spunk in my face
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IT UP ME
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MASTURBATE
010 592 249 795

ALAN 8" SUCKS
DAVE 6"
010 852 172 62793

I'LL USE A DILDO
YOU WANK
010 592 249 797

TWO NURSES
WANT SPUNK
010 592 249 798

AFTER
2.00AM
WET
FANNY
ACTION
010 592 249 767

SISTER-IN-LAW
WILL WANK
010 592 249 765

VIRGIN WANTS IT
DOGGYSTYLE
010 592 249 766

LESBIANS
DILDO ORGY
010 592 249 799

WAITRESS GIVES
TIT WANK
010 592 249 764



SPANK MY PERT ARSE
I'LL TALK DIRTY
WHILE YOU WANK
010 852 172 62571

YOUR COCK
BETWEEN MY LIPS
010 852 172 62573

INSERT MY DILDO
UP MY FANNY
010 852 172 62572

LET'S MASTURBATE
TOGETHER
010 852 172 62574

F**K ME
FROM BEHIND
010 852 172 62569

SPUNK ALL
OVER MY FACE
010 852 172 62575

BABY SITTER
WILL WANK YOU
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WANTS KINKY
SORDID SEX
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**I'LL SUCK YOU OFF
0374 555 153**

**LESBIAN USES DILDO
0374 555 154**

**WANK TO MY SEX TALK
0374 555 155**

**MY WIFE GIVES TIT WANK
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**LESBIANS PARTED LIPS
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**LESBIAN DILDO ORGY
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**ONE TO ONE
LIVE SEX LINES**

**LET ME WANK YOU
0374 555 162**

**TAKEN FROM BEHIND
0374 555 163**

**MY VIBRATORS UP ME
0374 555 164**

**SHAG ME OVER THE DESK
0374 555 165**

**JULIE LICKED OUT MY FANNY
0374 555 166**

**SPURT OVER MY PUSSY
0374 555 167**

**19 YEAR OLD WILL WANK YOU
0374 555 168**

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010 239 120 65 57**

**DO ME DOGGY
010 239 120 65 58**

**LICK MY CL*T
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**VIRGIN'S FANNY
WANTS STUFFING
010 239 120 65 60**

**SPURT IN MY MOUTH
010 239 120 65 61**

**19 YEAR OLD GIVES
HAND JOB
010 239 120 65 62**

**MOTHER IN LAW WILL
WANK YOU
010 239 120 65 63**

**HORNY CUM VIXEN
010 239 120 65 64**

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ACTION
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**GET YOUR DICK STIFF
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010 592 249 781 & 010 852 172 62557

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010 592 249 782 & 010 852 172 62558

I'LL USE MY DILDO
YOU WANK YOUR COCK
010 592 249 790 &
010 852 172 62566

Shave My Pussy
then Poke me !!
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010 852 172 62567

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HARD CORE
SEX PARTY
010 592 249 788 &
010 852 172 62564

I'll Wank
Your Cock
010 592 249 792
& 010 852 172
62 568

Gay Boys
Will Wank You
010 852 172
62 792

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& 010 852 172
62 555

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010 592 249 783 & 010 852 172 62559

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010 592 249 785 & 010 852 172 62561

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010 592 249 786 & 010 852 172 62562

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010 592 249 787 & 010 852 172 62563

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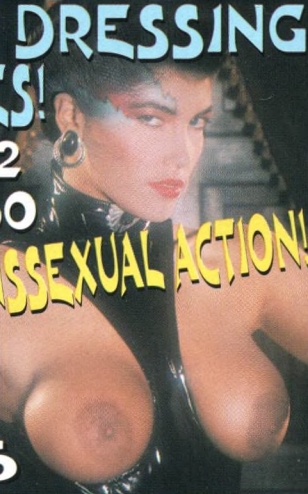
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FUCK ME!
(WHAT A BARGAIN)

in the bag

continued from page 44

right into the hilt as hard as possible. "Suck my tits," I yelled, undoing my blouse and releasing my 36-inch breasts. It was fast and frantic sex – but, best of all, I knew that Ian was watching!

Of course, my suspicions were confirmed when I went into the flat and was met by Ian who insisted on me telling him every little detail. I'm lucky to have a boyfriend who encourages me so much to fuck whoever I want – and it works both ways too; Ian has his eye on a busty blonde called Zara at work. I'll let you know how things work out! – *Sara, London*

SEXY STUDENT

My name is Sarah and I'm a student. I discovered your magazine after I accidentally found a copy in my ex-boyfriend's briefcase. I've done a little bit of modelling and I'd love the chance to appear in your magazine. I think you could best liken me to Angela from the last issue of Club (Vol 23 No 8); I have shoulder-length brown hair, dark brown eyes, long shapely legs and full, firm breasts.



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surrounded by about two or three guys and was really playing up to them; grinding her body against theirs and wiggling her bum. Her blonde hair was tied up in little pigtails and she had an incredible figure; very curvy, yet fit and firm. I managed to move closer towards her and when she turned around I could hardly believe my eyes – it was the girl from newagents!

She fixed me with a large grin and threw her arms open wide. We gave each other a big hug and danced for a while before she grabbed me by the hand and lead me to the cloakrooms. "It's getting awfully hot in here," she drawled. "How about getting a taxi back to your place?" Of course, I

continued on page 98

Do you find it takes too long between each issue of Club International? If so, keep your suffering to a minimum and place your subscription today: that way, at least you'll ensure you don't miss your favourite magazine when it finally comes out. And remember, every hot-off-the-press copy that drops on your mat will carry an exclusive fantasy photoset with our regular girl Tina! Fill in the coupon below to make sure you don't miss a single strides-strangling photo! The price must rise at the end of the year, so subscribe now and save loads of cash!♣

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If Mel looks a little lonely in her sparse bedroom, that's because she is. "I'm looking for a fella to share my bed with," admits the 19-year-old from Leeds. "But I'm a little shy and I need a man who'll pamper me completely."











"I'm not completely naive though," she purrs. "In fact, my last boyfriend said I was brilliant in bed because I take things nice and slow – lots of stroking, kissing and nibbling. Plenty of gentle licking all over the body and then a long slow screw. Mmm, that doesn't sound so bad, does it?!"

Certainly not, Mel! ♣





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**Volume 23 Number 11
on sale October 6th**

in the bag

continued from page 90

agreed immediately and before I knew it we were in a taxi on the way back to my flat.

I found out that she was also a student and was doing some part-time work at the newsagents to supplement her grant. Her name was Clare, but that was about all I could remember as I couldn't concentrate on anything but her shapely boobs, long legs and curvy bum.

We soon arrived back at my place



She won't be long – would you like to play with her tits while your waiting?

and before I could even close the front door, she began kissing me. I pulled her close and our bodies pressed together, her nipples hardening and pushing into mine. I was in heaven as Clare planted little kisses on my neck and began to loosen my shirt. This was too much and I couldn't resist her any longer...

"Let's go somewhere a little more comfortable," I said, taking the initiative and leading her by the hand to the bedroom. I dropped to my knees and began kissing my way up the inside of her thighs. She moaned softly as I started to unbutton her skimpy shorts and pulled them down to her ankles. As I ran my fingertips gently over the gusset of her knickers, I could feel she was incredibly wet which just increased my desire.

I pushed her onto the bed, eased her

legs apart and pulled down her knickers. I gasped as I saw her pussy for the first time; sparsely shaven with large pink folds and a protruding clitoris. I couldn't resist a moment longer – I pushed my tongue deep into her wet hole and tasted her for the first time.

Clare wrapped her hands around my head and toyed with my long hair as I ground my face onto her pussy, eagerly lapping at her juices. As I flicked my tongue against her clitoris I could feel her beginning to shake as an orgasm neared, until she arched her back off the bed and came forcefully. She fell back limp for a second as she recovered her breath and then she got to work on me.

She told me to lie back on the bed and started to undress me slowly, kissing my flesh as she went along. By the time I was completely naked,

I was desperately horny – and Clare knew it. She began teasing my nipples with her tongue, playfully chewing and biting until I was begging for her to fuck me. "I want to feel your tongue in my pussy," I drawled.

Clare quickly moved us into a 69 and my wish was finally granted. I was a bit unsure of what to do, but as her wet tongue slowly snaked into my warm pussy I copied her every move, until the two of us were writhing around on the bed in orgasmic delight. Clare was a real expert at pussy-licking and I tried

to keep up with her as she frantically licked and sucked at my throbbing clit.

The rhythm got faster and even more frantic until we almost fell off the bed! Then suddenly I felt Clare's body arch and a jet of love-juice squirted into my mouth. Within seconds I came too, my whole body in convulsions as an intense orgasm ripped through me.

I lost count of how many orgasms I had that night, although it must have reached double figures. Clare and I are now something of an item and we often spend nights in my flat together reading through Club and picking out the sexiest girls. We recently read a story about a lezzie threesome in your magazine which we're hoping to re-enact soon – I'll let you know how things turn out! – Sarah, Leicester ♣



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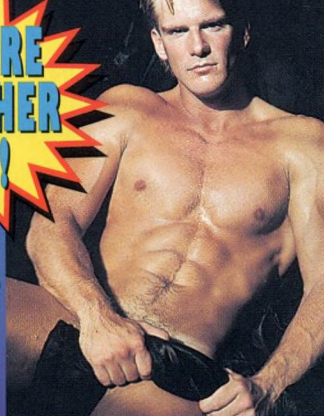
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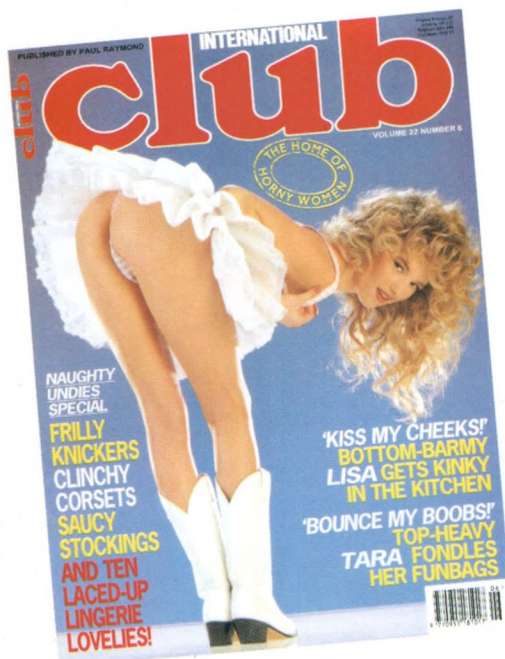
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